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EDITORIAL

40 YEARS OF NUCLEAR LIES

The Federal government has lied so routinely and relentlessly over forty years about the safety of its nuclear weapons facilities that the hazards recently conceded by the atomic establishment and dutifully cataloged by the media seem oddly overplayed on page one. Still, the "disclosures" about mismanagement, accidents and contamination at the Savannah River plant in South Carolina and others elsewhere do serve to illuminate the deep cynicism of those charged with manufacturing the U.S. nuclear arsenal.

These officials have treated deadly radioactive materials like plutonium, which has a half-life of 24,000 years and is one of the most toxic substances known to mankind, as little more than a temporary ill wind. When this lethal pollution or other radioactive poisons have escaped from weapons plants, the reassuring word was usually either that it didn't really happen or that we shouldn't worry, it won't hurt us.

This despite compelling evidence that cancer, thyroid disease, birth defects, sterility and other illnesses are showing up in alarming numbers around the plants. Children are as much as 100 times as susceptible to the effects of radiation as adults, and in eastern Washington near the Hanford nuclear reservation some 20,000 children may have been exposed to dangerous levels of radioactive iodine from cows' milk. Incredibly, the first comprehensive Federal study of the medical consequences of living near these plants began only a few weeks ago.

At Hanford, managers purposely released radioactive elements into the surrounding countryside for more than twenty years. They maintained (in documents only recently made public) that the well-being of their neighbors was secondary to national security. This, of course, is an illusion we have pursued before: destroying villages in order to save them.

KILLING CULTURES
Alexander Cockburn

REFERENDUMS: INSURANCE RATES
Bill Zimmerman

BLACK SECESSION
Roger House

SUBVERSION IN PUERTO RICO
Osha Davidson

THATCHER'S REVOLUTION
Francis Wheen

OPHULS'S BARBIE
Stuart Klawans

'DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY'

THE CAMPAIGN OF DO-NOTHING CANDIDATES

ANDREW KOPKIND

George Bush stands on the brink of victory with his lips sealed and his hands in his pockets, worried lest one word or an unwonted sign spoil the sweep now building in the heartland. In Colorado a few days after his decimation of Michael Dukakis in the last debate, Bush told reporters he would have absolutely nothing more to say about anything at all in the twenty-three days then remaining before the election. Nothing about the mysteries of his fiscal program, nothing about his Administration's wars in Central America, nothing about his Cabinet choices, his plans to cut social services or introduce weapons systems, his dealings with Noriega and North, his hopes, fears or visions for the country he is likely to lead into the next decade. "Things seem to be going well now," he gloated, "and I don't want to be dragged beyond [the election]." His reason was more than candid. It was as if he blurted out a line of dialogue from one of Dukakis's TV spots (since withdrawn) purporting to dramatize the packaging of George Bush. "Things seem to be going well now," Bush's adman Roger Ailes probably said to him the night before the Denver press conference. "You don't want to be dragged beyond the election." They speak, he repeats. Read their lips.

Such is the degradation of political discourse in this alternately infuriating and depressing campaign that no one seems to care about Bush's self-imposed gag rule. Not even Dukakis, who has let Bush off the hook at every conceivable opportunity, thought it

(*Continued on Page 445*)

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LETTERS.

LAZER ON KLAWANS

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

While I appreciate Stuart Klawans's praise in his letter "The Wrong Can of Words" [Oct. 3] for the clarity of my introduction to the language poets ["Radical Collages," July 2/9], I do wish that I had been given the opportunity to respond directly to his characterization and critique of the premises of language writing. I am in complete agreement with Klawans's desire for critical debate and analysis of language poetry. However, it would be nice if such a discussion could be an informed one. In each of the five concluding paragraphs of Klawans's letter, he makes erroneous remarks about the nature of language writing.

First, in language writing philosophical theory does not "take the place that is occupied for other writers by emotion, sensuous pleasure and the love of literature." Nor is only one texture—that of "drying asphalt"—to be found in language poetry. Nor is language poetry somehow "borrowed" from Derrida. It would be much more accurate to locate the premises of language poetry in the American modernist tradition of the 1920s, especially the writings of Gertrude Stein and William Carlos Williams. Nor are the theories of language writing borrowed; nor are the effects of language poetry copied. It would be accurate to assert that language poetry operates in a text milieu that is not hostile to a broad range of theoretical writings, and that language poetry does not (unlike much mainstream poetry) attempt to prevent commerce between poetry and philosophy. Furthermore, all theory is not an "agony to read." In fact, much theory can be and is being read with "emotion, sensuous pleasure and the love of literature."

One of Klawans's oddest assumptions is that language poets "seek to overcome the ideology that dominates writing." Just the opposite: They wish to make ideology more obvious and more visible. As for Klawans's assertion that language poets are partisans of a theory of nonreferentiality, that too is erroneous, a position that has been refuted in numerous essays and books. (See, for example, Charles Bernstein's *Content's Dream*, or his *Artifice of Absorption*, one of the books that I reviewed in "Radical Collages.")

But it is Klawans's next to last paragraph that leads me to write this response. A writer should at least read the books he pretends to refute. Klawans asserts that language poets make the mistake of "taking the individual word, rather than the sentence, as the unit of meaning," an especially odd position to take in response to a review of Ron Silliman's *The New Sentence*, a book whose title essay discusses nothing but the use of the sentence as a unit of meaning and composition. In fact, almost all of Silliman's writing, especially longer works such as *Ketjak*, *Paradise* and *Tjanting*, develop possibilities of using the sentence as the essential unit for poetry.

I am not arguing that language poetry is the only true poetry of our time, nor that attention to it should supplant attention to all other forms of poetry. I am claiming that language poetry is of great vitality and importance, and thus that it merits careful reading, scrutiny and discussion. But as Klawans's response all too clearly demonstrates, many responses to language writing consist of an ill-formed, convenient dismissal. If he had read the four books I reviewed, he would not have been able to put forward any of the generalizations by which he characterizes the language poets. But more important, what readers of language writing will find out is that there is not a monolithic thing called "language writing." There is a great range of thoughts, textures, styles and assumptions—even some of the kind of wit and clarity to be found in the *New York Post* sports pages, which Klawans so admires—in language writing. I once again suggest Bernstein's *Artifice of Absorption* and *The Sophist* and Ron Silliman's *Lit* and *The New Sentence* as excellent introductions to language writing. As Gertrude Stein lamented, in 1926, "It is so very much more exciting and satisfactory for everybody if one can have contemporaries, if all one's contemporaries could be one's contemporaries."

Hank Lazer

LIE OF THE CENTURY

New York City

In January 1953, with the executions of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg imminent, two of America's most respected Nobel Prize–winning scientists, Albert Einstein and Harold Urey, wrote to the press and called upon the President to stay the executions, warning that "the integrity of justice as it is administered in the United States is at stake in this case."

Those pleas, coming at the time our country was engulfed by McCarthyite anticommunist hysteria, were totally ignored, as were clemency appeals from the world's top leaders, including Pope Pius XII; Vincent Auriol, the President of France; and, significantly, the family of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus.

Thirty-five years later, with the publication last March of *The Autobiography of Roy Cohn*, Sidney Zion's book about the man who was the key prosecuting assistant to U.S. Attorney Irving Saypol, America's chickens have come home to roost. Cohn confessed to having lied for thirty-five years about the collusion—before, during and after the trial—of Judge Kaufman, prosecutor Saypol and himself. He revealed that, at Kaufman's urgent insistence, he pulled strings to have Kaufman assigned as the trial judge and that Kaufman assured him, *before the trial began*, that he would sentence Julius Rosenberg to death. Obviously, had the courts known about such unlawful collusion, the verdict could not have stood.

The Rosenberg-Sobell case was widely publicized by the government as "the case of the century." Its false claims and charges served as the basis for passage of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950 and the other unconstitutional McCarran Acts that followed. Now that the truth about the frame-up and the judge-prosecution collusion has been revealed, it is time for massive demonstration, protest and action. What must be done to make amends insofar as possible? Where is the American, justice-loving demand that a Congressional Commission of Inquiry be appointed? Instead, with the notable exception of the *New York Post*, the silence has been deafening. What has happened to the media?

I would urge *The Nation* and its distinguished readers to fulfill their traditional roles with weekly editorials, letters, articles and challenges that inspire the media and the government to face up to and report the truth. A Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the House Judiciary Committee, to study and report on the Rosenberg-Sobell case, is the order of the times.

Aaron Katz, director
National Committee to
Reopen the Rosenberg Case

SCEPTER FOR SWANK FILER

Hershey, Pa.

This is simply to say we have been enjoying Frank Lewis's puzzles, which we began solving for pleasure about a year ago. They are unique—not exactly puns and anagrams, and not exactly cryptic crosswords in the British mold. They have a jokey style all their own that is quite entertaining, once you get the hang of it. And by the way, they are none too easy; a few of our pencils bear the scars of our teeth-gnashing.

Not that this weights our comments one way or the other, but we speak as fellow puzzle-makers. We have a cryptic puzzle in each issue of *The Atlantic* and we supply Sunday crosswords to *The Boston Globe*. We made a politically themed puzzle for *The Progressive* from 1978 until last spring, when the magazine's financial woes forced it to discontinue many special features. Anyway, we enjoy puzzles of all kinds, and to Frank Lewis we respectfully tip our hat. Or is it hats?

Emily Cox
Henry Rathvon

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

False Choice

One of the subterranean struggles of this election is over the future shape of the Democratic Party; one unspoken premise of the battle is that there can be no common ground between Jesse Jackson and the Jews. Democrats from Dukakis down supposedly have to choose: the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (Aipac) or the Arab-American Institute, Israel's security or a Palestinian state, millions in Jewish donations or millions of black votes. The reality, however, is not quite so simple.

For one thing, it is no longer possible—actually it never was—to speak of American Jews as a monolith. Like the mythical Cuban-American bloc deconstructed by Maria de los Angeles Torres in these pages two weeks ago, American Jews are a diverse community, though conservative forces like Aipac won't admit that because it threatens their control. Dissent continues to ripple through American Jewry, most recently in response to the shock of Israel's cruel handling of the *intifada* and of its 1982 invasion of

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Lebanon. In mid-October, for the first time in memory, establishment groups like the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith criticized Aipac publicly for being "at variance with the consensus of the organized Jewish community" on issues like Aipac's push to close the Palestine Liberation Organization's mission to the United Nations. Even more important, a group of progressive Jews have established an Israeli-Palestinian Peace Political Action Committee to work to shift American policy toward a two-state solution to the conflict. According to a *Los Angeles Times* poll last spring, nearly one-third of American Jews favor U.S. talks with the P.L.O. and a Palestinian homeland.

Republicans have little interest in these shifting patterns. Instead, they exploit people's anxieties through the cynical use of not-so-subtle racist rhetoric. Bush's pounding of Dukakis on capital punishment and Willie Horton is one example. Fanning Jewish fears of Jesse Jackson is more of the same. Gordon Zachs, Bush's Middle East adviser, told a Jewish audience at Congregation Solel in Chicago that at the convention in Atlanta "the Democrats traded the blacks for the Jews."

Zachs's statement is, of course, racially charged disinformation. The only time the Democratic convention faced anything near such a choice—on a minority plank calling for Palestinian self-determination (*and* security for Israel)—the Dukakis forces "chose the Jews," to borrow Zachs's vulgar parlance.

But Dukakis and the Democrats are in a poor position to challenge these demagogic attempts to divide the party, not to mention blacks and Jews. Where the Republicans have made appeals to Southern racists and their Northern counterparts, the Democrats—in debate, on paid TV and in speeches like Dukakis's missed opportunity in Philadelphia, Mississippi—have avoided rather than confronted the uncomfortable issue of race, thus undercutting their long-standing commitment to civil rights.

Politics, by definition, involves tradeoffs. And there is no reason to expect that blacks and Jews, more than other groups, are exempt from the process. But politics also involves alliances, such as the relatively harmonious one enjoyed by many blacks and Jews during the civil rights struggles of the early 1960s. Now, as Jesse Jackson has observed, "There is a power transition going on." New and shifting inter- and intragroup affiliations appropriate for the 1990s are forming, not the least of them the Rainbow Coalition. Sparks will fly as the process grinds on—because of the hypersensitivity of some Jews to criticism of Israel, anti-Semitic comments by some blacks and racist remarks by some Jews. But most Jews and blacks have a larger interest in finding common ground: a Supreme Court committed to civil rights, an end to all forms of racism and discrimination, economic as well as political.

The Democrats have an opportunity and an obligation to deal directly and openly with the complex of race-related issues that beset our country and our culture. Creative leadership means not merely identifying and staking out the common ground, but building on it. It is an abdication of moral and political responsibility for the Democrats to negate the legitimate claims of blacks and Jews alike by consigning them to the divide-and-conquer politics of the Republicans.

Yugoslav Crisis

The growing economic and ethnic crisis in Yugoslavia is becoming so severe that some of its citizens are beginning to see the grim prospect of civil war and even martial law as an acceptable "all Yugoslav solution."

The demonstrations in October, during which 100,000 people surrounded Communist Party headquarters in Novi Sad and forced the leaders of the Serbian province of Vojvodina to resign, were only the latest in a string of ethnic troubles that go back to 1981. That year Kosovo, the poorest and most underdeveloped Serbian province, where Albanians make up 90 percent of the population, erupted in nationalist riots and killings. The federal government "solved" the problem by sending in special police forces, which are still there.

In the past year, the persecution of the Serbs in that province has been used by the ambitious leader of the Serbian Communist Party, Slobodan Milosevic, to manipulate and mobilize a nationalist movement. Demonstrations in the southern republics and provinces have been supported by Milosevic and other Serbian party leaders in order to pressure the federal government into giving Serbia more power over its two provinces, with their 8.14 million Serbs. For a multinational, multicultural and multilingual country, such expansionist politics invites repression.

Yugoslavia's economic woes only intensify the nationalist strife. In the past ten years, the country has sunk deeper and deeper into foreign debt ($21 billion), inflation (more than 200 percent this year), unemployment (15 percent) and poverty ($116 is the average income per month). Hungry citizens, waiting in lines for subsidized dark bread, exhausted by years of economic deprivation and with no prospects for a better life, are ready candidates for the idea that strong leadership will solve everything. What's clear is that Yugoslavs can no longer tolerate the present situation, which is one reason that Milosevic's followers sing songs praising him, carry his picture as a new Communist icon and call him "the new Tito."

The federal government has been a helpless bystander, enmeshed in struggles with the Slovenians and Croats over the economic and political reforms under way in those republics. Citizens have paid little attention to the steady stream of warnings and statements issued by the Central Committee—even after President Raif Dizdarevic warned on October 9 that if the protests, strikes, meetings, rallies and ethnic unrest continue, the government would be forced to introduce a state of emergency. Already, the Yugoslav press is posing the question: What side is the army on? It is hard to predict who the military, traditionally dominated by Serbs, would support.

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In a country virtually paralyzed by political struggle, the future seems so distant, so filled with hopelessness, that people have a feeling that matters can only get worse. The leading politicians are losing the little credit they had, and the only rational alternative—the so-called Slovenian option of political democratization and market economics—now seems unrealistic because the country is torn apart. Yugoslavia has long been a model for other socialist countries that have followed the path of democratic reform. But any regression to authoritarian solutions clearly endangers all efforts to accommodate not only the strong nationalist forces in Yugoslavia but those emerging in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as well.

Candidates

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

appropriate to depart from his own packaged and scripted performances and come out swinging at Bush's cynicism and contempt for the voters. Perhaps Dukakis fears tit-for-tat: that if he asks Bush for programmatic details, he may have to provide some himself. Dukakis's corollary to Bush's rule is that things seem to be going so miserably for him now, there's no point in changing course and confusing the voters. We know who these candidates are; they're the ones who say nothing, do nothing and wait for the election to happen.

Do-nothing worked well for Dukakis in the musical-chairs primaries, where the last white guy standing would automatically get the Democratic nomination. It worked well for Bush, too, who had a brief scare from the religious right in Iowa but nonetheless cinched the Republican nomination in record time. Thereafter, Bush needed only to "be Bush" to cinch the election as well. He was the status-quo candidate in an election in which only those who benefit from the status quo regularly vote. By the clever manipulation of symbols, sleaze and disinformation, he quickly established his bona fides with the Republican majority, which has been in place since 1968 and which is likely to keep winning national elections until such time as the Democrats realize that imperial defeat, racial insurgency and deindustrialization in the 1960s realigned the parties and removed the Democrats from executive office.

Bush easily won recognition as the patriot, the conservative, the lawman, the WASP: the kind of person Republicans naturally favor. He also achieved credibility as the candidate who would not raise taxes or give away too much money to poor people, blacks and others feared and/or loathed by blue-collar "Reagan Democrats"—a group that is not at all up for grabs, but seems permanently ensconced in the Republican Party. Bush's only worry, which was no worry at all, was that Dukakis would seriously try to expand his own base, accept the party realignment and mobilize a new liberal/progressive/populist majority. Dukakis did just the opposite. He fought with Bush over the symbols that Republicans own as their birthright: the flag, the nightstick, the Pentagon, middle-class morality and white skin privilege. He disbanded whatever grass-roots organizations he had during the primaries and gave his campaign over to lazy and unimaginative (and retrograde) local Democratic apparatchiks. Above all, he spent too much of his time and energy raising scads of money from conservative corporate contributors—and then gave the money-men just what they wanted.

So, barring an apocalyptic October surprise or a *deus ex machina* of the kind only incumbents can summon, the Dukakis campaign will give us George Bush for four long years, at least. (Political scientist and *Nation* contributing editor Tom Ferguson thinks Bush's political debt to Dukakis is so great that the Massachusetts Governor should ask for—and get—an ambassadorship come January. Perhaps Greece would be nice. Or Turkey, Ferguson thinks.) What shape a Bush Administration would assume is impossible to say, because he won't talk, and indeed has never talked except in the most deceitful and duplicitous ways. Some external evidence and anecdotal impressions are available, however. It was the Bush campaign's idea to replace Ed Meese with Dick Thornburgh as Attorney General, and to fill William Bennett's hot seat at the Department of Education with Lauro Cavazos, the first Latino to serve in any President's Cabinet. Except for Jerry Falwell, who endorsed Bush at the outset and seems to be bucking for Billy Graham's position as pope of American evangelism, the religious right has been shut out of the Bush campaign. Bush has taken Jimmy Carter's own National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski (instigator of the hated grain embargo) as one of his foreign policy consultants, which might give a nice Trilateralist spin to the next State Department. Has anyone asked David Rockefeller whether Bush is still his "favorite Republican," as in the 1980 primaries? And it appears from Federal Election Commission data released so far that the right-wing fanatics who dumped so much cash on Reagan in 1980 and 1984 are being niggardly with the Bush fund drive.

The media may decide that a Bush victory is a "mandate" for four more years of Reaganism, replete with jingoism, fundamentalism and imperial activism. No doubt there will be some of that. More likely, however, Bush will sink into standard Republican conservatism, heavy on the arm-waving, nose-twitching rhetoric and short on radical change.

The crunch will come when history and crisis make do-nothingism impossible. It is then that forces awakened this year, which remain outside of and antagonistic to the Bush consensus, will bid for power. This fall, Bush has avoided history, rolled up the window of his limo and turned up the volume on Bobby McFerrin's hit song "Don't Worry, Be Happy." Sooner or later the music is bound to stop.

COMING UP

Lawrence Lifschultz on how George Bush turned a blind eye to the multibillion-dollar Pakistani narcotics trade.

Scott Ridley on the battle in Idaho over construction of the first new nuclear weapons plant in twenty-five years.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The World Outside

Having had the good fortune to visit both Mexico and France in the past month, I was able to get a stronger sense of the hallucinating unreality of the U.S. presidential campaign. Sitting in the *zócalo* in Oaxaca late one night I watched the animated crowds, confident in the knowledge that they were not discussing the Quayle-Bentsen debate conducted earlier that evening but the rather more momentous upheavals shaking Mexico. That very day an opposition group had temporarily seized the mayor's office in Veracruz. Each day the papers carry news of confrontations in the countryside. Mexico feels as if it is embarking on a period of profound political turmoil.

Some interesting parallels suggest themselves. The lackluster performance of both Bush and Dukakis (though the moronic politicking of the latter is in a class apart) suggests that of Salinas de Gortari, the PRI candidate and official victor in the recent elections. The man who may have actually won the popular vote, falsified by the PRI, was Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, candidate of the united left coalition and son of Lázaro Cárdenas, Mexico's heroic President of fifty years ago. The parallel here is with Jesse Jackson, and the populist campaigns in the two countries have something in common, though the insurgent nationalist tradition evoked by Cárdenas is clearly more powerful. According to one estimate, during the campaign the two major television channels gave de Gortari eighty hours of coverage and Cárdenas eighty seconds. No U.S. politician could survive on a national stage under that sort of blackout. The difference is that Cárdenas had left the PRI and Jackson has stayed in the Democratic Party. Like the Grand Old Duke of York, "he had ten thousand men,/ he led them up to the top of the hill/ and he led them down again." Jackson called this the two-wings strategy, though the bird has hurtled like a bullet to the ground.

France was even more disengaged, and such stories as were available spoke of Dukakis with the detached pity reserved for an indigent on his way to a pauper's grave. The day I stopped in Paris marked the official opening of I.M. Pei's horrible glass pyramid designed to signal to a supposedly confused populace the entry to the Louvre. By night, in honor of the impending anniversary of the French Revolution, one of the networks was running American films about the events of 1789 et seq. I watched a bit of the 1938 *Marie Antoinette*, with Robert Morley playing Louis XVI, gnarled sans-culottes howling for his head and Tyrone Power trying to save the doomed queen. (Membership in the Happy Enders Club compelled me to switch off before the royals got nabbed on the flight to Varennes. The film was directed by W.S. Van Dyke, known in the trade as One-Take Woody. The script was tarted up by Donald Ogden Stewart. It was Morley's first film, and he became no stranger to the pasteboard crown, later playing Louis XI and George III. I need hardly add that the jewel of his histrionic career was the role of Peterson in *Beat the Devil*.) The French papers carried stories of large strikes and indeed of a government attack on the policies of the major banks, which, for someone habituated to U.S. political discourse, carries the same shock value as hearing that Pope John Paul II had suddenly declared himself an Anabaptist.

History Is Banks: The End of the Chinantecs

George Bush may claim that after eight years of himself and the Old Snoozer both nation and world are in fine fettle and that "free market" magic in such countries as Mexico is the way to solve the debt crisis. Taking a more practical view, the U.S. government has evidently decided that the best way to help de Gortari and the U.S. banks is to extend Mexico $3.5 billion in debt relief, Cárdenas's strong showing having alerted Washington to the fact that a powerful nationalist movement threatens the U.S.-prompted, pre-executed "modernization" of the Mexican economy. "Modernization," "development" and the application of loan money in the Americas brings me to the deadline now faced by the Chinantec and Kayapó Indians.

The deadline faced by the Chinantecs is the shorter of the two. They live about eight hours' drive north of Oaxaca, amid the high crests of the Sierra Madre, and are about to have a way of life, maintained for nine centuries despite the onslaughts of Aztec and Spaniard, ended forever by the final consequences of multilateral loans. In this instance the InterAmerican Development Bank, run jointly by tidy-minded people who brake for animals and men in sharp suits with gold at wrist and neck, has financed a regional program—under the Papaloapan Commission, something akin to the T.V.A.—to the tune of more than $50 million for a dam that has already directly and indirectly destroyed more than 250,000 acres of Mexico's rapidly disappearing tropical forests and the cultures that can manage them.

When the bankers first considered the loan application, they doubtless read comforting words about relocation of the aforementioned Chinantecs, some 30,000 in all. The Indians were to descend into the tropical forest in Uxpanapa, and there prosper in new surroundings. Some of them did descend, found degraded land and no forest. Now the Chinantecs say they won't leave their land. The Mexican Army has cordoned off the area. The Cerro de Oro dam will be closed in the next couple of weeks, with the Indians being caught between the guns of the *Federales* and the rising waters.

Thus will end finely tuned Chinantec agronomic traditions that have sustained production and developed major urban systems and complex states. The last Chinantec village and burial site will be disappearing just about the same day people in the United States get to choose between Bush and Dukakis, a choice that naturally exempts any questioning of policies like those espoused by the InterAmerican Development Bank in finishing off the Chinantecs.

Meanwhile, Down on the Xingu

The Chinantecs are not the only ones on the receiving end of such "developmental" madness. The same disordered

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

system of priorities is being exercised—though still at a preliminary stage—on a far grander scale farther south, in Brazil, a country which has been the object of much stately congratulation in the U.S. press for its progress toward democracy, as signaled by a new Constitution.

In mid-October in Belém, soggy gateway to the Amazon, more than fifty-four groups, including persons of science, the Workers Party (Partido dos Trabalhadores) and voodoo priests, protested the trial of two Kayapó Indian chiefs who, under a rather bizarre application of law, are being prosecuted with North American anthropologist Darrell Posey for contravening the Brazilian Foreign Sedition Act. As the name implies, this law forbids foreigners from interfering in the internal affairs of the Brazilian Republic. The Indians are not technically foreigners but suffer under the designation "wards of the state," in which status the two chiefs, Paiakán and Kuben-í, now raise with some urgency questions about the role of local populations in determining the policies that affect them and about the dynamics of the political economy of rural development in the American tropics.

Last February these two chiefs were invited to a confab in Florida on tropical deforestation. No strangers to such scientific parlays, the chiefs have in the past lectured on the techniques evolved by native people for managing and recuperating tropical ecosystems, currently being destroyed all over the world at the rate of 25 million acres a year. They argue that the exoticism considered in the North to be their essential attribute obscures who they are. In association with Posey, who has studied the ethnoscience of the Kayapó for more than eleven years, they propose the view that indigenous peoples are sophisticated scientists on anyone's terms and, in effect, embody the libraries and laboratories of a rich tropical science encoded in culture and landscape rather than paper and ink.

At the Florida meeting members of the Environmental Defense Fund and the National Wildlife Federation asked the chiefs (along with Posey as translator, neither Portuguese nor the Ge language being widely used in Washington) to speak to members of the World Bank, as well as the Treasury and Congress, about the Xingu Dam Complex.

This developers' dream rivals its First World equivalent, the Nawapa project of imperishable memory, in which water from the western slope of the Canadian Rockies was to be drawn to flood the Colorado basin. The Xingu Dam Complex will dwarf any existing dam project in the world. Some forty-seven sites are under consideration on the Xingu River and its tributaries. More than 9,000 Amazonians will require resettlement, while as many as twelve indigenous groups will be affected by road building, power lines and the flooding of reserve lands.

Indians are not the only victims. Tens of thousands of peasants who make their living from fishing and forest products will find their economic base vanishing beneath the water. The government estimates that 20 million acres will be involved after two of the dams are built, and if five are completed, 18,000 square kilometers of forest will be flooded, creating the world's largest man-made body of water.

This construction is part of the larger megalomania of the Brazilian energy industry, which is now seeking from multilateral banks $500 million in loans for its plans. As the banks dragged their feet on the loans, Brazil's government became convinced that the depositions made by the Kayapó chiefs were instrumental in the delay. The World Bank countered that the inefficiency and poor management that characterized Electrobras, the national power company, were to blame. Meanwhile, just as Brazil is being toasted for its strides to democracy, the government's behavior toward Posey and the Kayapó chiefs has demonstrated an authoritarianism as shameless as ever. The case is the first in which the Nova Republica is actively seeking deportation of foreigners for sedition, a practice widely used under the dictatorship to muzzle Catholic priests.

First Shoot the Developers

Who gains from these mad development projects? The analogues of the people who have been shoveling money into the Bush and Dukakis election campaigns, namely Brazil's and Mexico's construction industries. These, in conjunction with their governments and multilateral lending agencies, underpin the political economy of tropical devastation. Such Third World Bechtels make the most money with the least risk, are powerful lobbies and have been able to capture the benefits of the indebtedness brought on by the stratospheric borrowing of Brazil and Mexico. With much of the rest of the population crammed into hovels, these corporate groups cavort in *Fortune*'s International 500, emblems of the aqua-military-industrial complex.

In any tropical development the luscious trove is "infrastructure": the Machu Pichus, the Tikals, the Monte Albans of today's tropical world, pharaonic reveries conceived by their sponsors as monuments to their will. Infrastructure development—roads, hydropower, other forms of civil construction—absorbs 50 to 60 percent of regional development, the rest going to government bureaucracies, graft, and some services and credits for the "target" populations. These infrastructure deals, involving hundreds of millions of dollars in transfers to construction companies, now represent the major rural employment strategy in tropical America, as local populations are marginalized and extensive livestock operations spread across the landscape.

Thus tropical zones are laid waste for greed and vanity, knowledge of the prudent management of these zones destroyed with the forest and its peoples. This is an environmental crisis seen in the United States largely in terms of the afflictions, actual or prospective, of birds and trees and in changes in the weather. But the heart of the matter is social justice and human rights, issues which, as suggested above, have little place in the minds of bankers or, it seems, in what passes for mainstream political discourse in the United States this fall.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ Unita in the Bush

If the ongoing peace talks in Angola fail to end the fighting there, expect Unita, the so-called anticommunist resistance led by Jonas Savimbi, to have a hallowed place in a Bush Administration. In recent years Unita's Washington representative has been Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly, the conservative power-lobby firm that has provided the Bush campaign with some of its top brass. (Bush's coziness with Black, Manafort got a flurry of bad press in September when the *Detroit Free Press* revealed that the lobbyists had worked for the drug-sodden government of the Bahamas.) Lee Atwater, the evil genius of the Bush campaign, is a former partner of the firm. Current partners Charles Black Jr., Paul Manafort and Roger Stone are top Bush officials.

These fellows stand to lose some serious change if peace comes to Angola. According to papers the firm filed with the Justice Department, Black, Manafort received $299,000 in consulting fees from Unita every six months last year, placing the rebels among its top-paying clients. For that largesse, Black, Manafort lobbies Congress to send Unita assistance—aid that in turn allows Unita to keep Black, Manafort on the job.

■ Against Remembrance

"If You Want More 'Holocaust Studies' in Your Schools Vote for Mike Dukakis." So says a leaflet distributed by the German American National Political Action Committee. The flyer contains a long quote from Kitty Dukakis calling for a national Holocaust studies program, which would include instruction for all grade-school students. The problem with Holocaust studies, says Hans Schmidt, chair of the Washington-based GANPAC, is that they do not "show both sides." The figure of 6 million victims "distributed by the Holocaust establishment . . . is totally invented," he claims. "If they teach that to Jewish children, I don't care, but that's what they teach our gentile children."

GANPAC has been distributing this leaflet mainly at political events in California, Ohio and Texas. But it also targeted the Republican convention in New Orleans, where, as Schmidt describes it: "We were flabbergasted by the response. People came up to me and said it was about time the Germans showed up. Not one person came up to us and was negative. It was amazing." Although the group will not make an endorsement this year—in 1984 it backed Ronald Reagan—Schmidt notes, "As a rule we stick to Republicans."

Schmidt and his gang are not so far out of the Reagan mainstream. On September 30, just five days before Reagan would dedicate the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, the Department of Education rejected funding for a model Holocaust studies program. That decision was the work of "those on the extreme right of the Republican Party," an unnamed official in the Education Department told *The Washington Post*. In 1986 the same project was denied funds after Christina Price, a member of a departmental review board, noted, "The program gives no evidence of balance or objectivity. The Nazi point of view, however unpopular, is still a point of view and is not presented, nor is that of the Ku Klux Klan."

■ Rapid Deployment in Somalia

In June, President Mohammed Siad Barre of Somalia was forced to call off a visit to Washington at the last minute when heavy fighting broke out between government troops and the country's armed resistance. Following the clash came reports of government atrocities and the bombing of civilian targets [see Aryeh Neier, "Bloody Somalia," *The Nation*, June 25]. According to eyewitnesses quoted by *The Sunday Times* of London on June 12, government forces took people out of their homes and executed them. Onlookers then saw "bulldozers driven by soldiers, scooping up corpses and dumping them on street corners." The event might have given U.S. policy-makers cause to reflect upon U.S.-Somalia relations. It didn't.

Ignoring Somalia's abysmal human rights record, the Reagan Administration and Congress approved an estimated $42.5 million in aid for fiscal 1988, including $6.5 million in military assistance. In the 1989 budget the military aid request for Somalia jumped to $18.1 million. Representative Sam Gejdenson, in an August letter to Secretary of State George Shultz, raised his concern that "U.S. military supplies or equipment service have been used to support the reported slaughter of civilians by Somali government troops." He called for a suspension of aid. In early October, Amnesty International urged the same, noting that thousands of unarmed civilians have been killed by security forces.

Yet around that time Somalia's official news agency, SONNA, announced a U.S.-Somalia agreement to strengthen military ties. This followed talks between Maj. Gen. Riley Williams and Brig. Gen. Maslah Siad Barre, the son of the President. Williams is a top officer in the Central Command, an elite special forces unit designed for quick entry into so-called trouble spots in the Middle East and surrounding areas. A U.S. Army spokesman confirmed that Williams visited Somalia but maintained that no deal had been made. Somalia apparently has reason to believe otherwise.

■ Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spywatcher

The bandit class in Washington may curse the name of Daniel Brandt. Brandt is a reporter's dream come true. His computerized data base, to which people may subscribe, contains information on all sorts of spooks, military officials, political operators and other cloak-and-dagger types. From a vast range of books, reports, periodicals and more esoteric sources (e.g. the quarterly newsletter of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers) he draws the names of relevant individuals, businesses and organizations and then plugs them into his index. So if you are tracking down someone who might have been tied to some shady outfit, just tap in the name. If the person has ever made it into the public record, chances are he or she is in Brandt's SpyBase Data. (For information, write to Micro Associates, Box 5369, Arlington, VA 22205.)

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ARTICLES.

INSURANCE REFERENDUM

$60 Million War In California

BILL ZIMMERMAN

On November 8, Californians will decide the outcome of a bitter battle over insurance reform that will have a major impact on the industry and consumers throughout the country. No fewer than five separate and conflicting insurance propositions are competing for attention on the California referendum ballot, and the vested parties have spent more than $60 million to court voters.

All but one of the five propositions (100, 101, 103, 104 and 106) are funded by the insurance companies themselves or by their archenemies, the trial lawyers. The companies claim that lawyers are responsible for high insurance rates because they file too many successful lawsuits and earn exorbitant fees. The lawyers blame the companies' excessive profits, up 722 percent nationally between 1985 and 1987. Both sides have been making their case with multimillion-dollar advertising campaigns.

Consumers are represented by Proposition 103, which has no advertising budget but is sponsored by Voter Revolt to Cut Insurance Rates, a grass-roots citizens' organization, and by Ralph Nader. The conventional wisdom holds that Prop 103—which, among other things, would roll back all property and casualty insurance rates by more than 20 percent and set up strict, permanent regulation of the industry—can't possibly win. I am the campaign strategist for Prop 103, so I come bearing an ax; still, I think the conventional wisdom is wrong.

How did five propositions, all purporting to reduce insurance rates, wind up on the same ballot in the first place? For several years consumer demand for lower automobile insurance rates had gone unanswered in the State Legislature. Fierce lobbying, that is, massive political contributions, by the Association of California Insurance Companies prevented the passage of serious rate regulation. Instead, A.C.I.C. supported legislation to reduce its members' costs by restricting damage awards and attorneys' fees. This was effectively countered by lobbying (contributions) from the California Trial Lawyers Association (C.T.L.A.), advocates of rate regulation but dedicated opponents of fee restrictions.

Since each side purchased about half of the many available state legislators, genuine insurance reform was not possible. But public frustration inched toward the boiling point. Both A.C.I.C. and C.T.L.A. began nervously threatening to circumvent the deadlocked Legislature and sponsor a ballot initiative. Then, just over a year ago, both sides suddenly signed a five-year nonaggression pact, promising not to file any initiatives that would undermine the interests of either party. Public anger over ever higher auto insurance rates was so intense that neither side felt safe predicting the outcome of an initiative war.

Around this time a progressive initiative was drafted, which would later become Prop 103. It called for all auto, homeowner, business and professional insurance to be rolled back 20 percent from November 1987 levels, thus invalidating any rate increases between then and the forthcoming election. The rollback would last for one year, beginning November 9, 1988, and would take effect as policies came up for renewal, so no existing contracts would require revision. During that year regulatory machinery would be built in Sacramento under the leadership of a new, elected state official, the Insurance Commissioner, who could deny any future rate increases deemed excessive. Insurers would lose their exemption from state antitrust laws, among other anticompetitive privileges, and be required to reveal all relevant financial data, including investment income. At present California is the least regulated of the major states, and is known in the insurance industry as a haven for high profits.

More than a half-million signatures were needed to qualify Prop 103 for the ballot, normally a task requiring upward of $400,000. Lacking such funds to pay for professional signature-gathering, Prop 103's supporters decided to get the signatures through the mail, ask for donations at the same time and gamble that in the end the effort would be self-financing. No initiative had ever been qualified this way in California, but given the public outrage at auto insurance rates the gamble seemed justified. (Some two-car Los Angeles families pay over $3,000 a year, a few as much as $5,000.) The insurance industry took one look at the campaign and summoned their pollsters, whose research quickly revealed that the Voter Revolt initiative would pass no matter how much money the insurers spent to defeat it. As a result, they developed an alternative strategy. They wrote their own insurance reform initiative.

Under California law, if two or more propositions get at least 50 percent of the vote and contain provisions that conflict with one another, only the provisions in the proposition with the greatest number of votes become law. The insurance association, with the backing of every automobile and property/casualty insurer in California save one, drafted an initiative that would create a no-fault system of auto insurance in the state. Not surprisingly, they chose a no-fault system designed not only to protect their profits but one that could be packaged and massively advertised as pro-consumer. To this they tacked on two additional provisions. The first countered, line by line, every provision in the Voter Revolt initiative. The second reduced attorneys' contingency

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fees from the customary 33 to 40 percent down to 25 percent. A.C.I.C.'s purpose was to use its tremendous financial advantage to get its proposal more votes than the Voter Revolt initiative and thereby cancel it out if both passed.

While the A.C.I.C. was drafting its no-fault initiative, which became Prop 104, one California auto indemnifier, Coastal Insurance Company, rejected that solution and pursued an alternate initiative of its own. Coastal's initiative offered a 50 percent reduction on the bodily injury portion of auto policies for three years in exchange for severe limits on damage awards to accident victims. Insurers would remain free to raise the rest of the policy to compensate for the bodily injury reductions; worse yet, claimants would be forced to seek payment for medical expenses from their health insurers before becoming eligible for reimbursement under their auto policies, thus driving up the cost of health insurance.

The Coastal initiative, which became Prop 101, represents another remarkable strategy for corporate opposition to initiative-based reform. By the end of the five-month signature-gathering effort to qualify it for the ballot, state financial disclosure reports revealed that $2 million had been spent. Of this, $1.9 million had been contributed by Coastal. While it masquerades as an expression of direct democracy, Prop 101 is instead a private law put on the ballot with the money of a single corporation for the purpose of bringing itself direct benefit.

The story becomes even more complex. When the trial lawyers in the C.T.L.A. saw the restrictions on damage awards and attorneys' fees in the insurers' Propositions 101 and 104, they too decided it was time to get into the initiative business. A modest, pro-consumer initiative, which fell far short of the reforms in Voter Revolt's Prop 103, had been drafted by associates of California Attorney General John Van de Kamp. These individuals had no means to gather the necessary signatures, so the trial lawyers made them an offer they couldn't refuse. The C.T.L.A. would supply money to gather the signatures in exchange for the insertion of a provision prohibiting any restrictions on attorneys' fees. The trial lawyers hoped to get more votes for this initiative than the insurers got for either of theirs, thus canceling the provisions in Propositions 101 and 104 that would adversely affect an attorney's financial interests. The deal was quickly consummated, and the C.T.L.A. initiative eventually became Prop 100.

But the insurance industry had one more card to play. In response to Prop 100 and anticipated opposition to Propositions 101 and 104 from the lawyers, the A.C.I.C. filed yet another initiative. After their professional signature-gathering company finished its work, this initiative became Prop 106, the fifth insurance issue on the November ballot. Ironically, though, Prop 106 would have no direct impact on insurance rates. Instead it would place even more extreme limits on attorneys' fees than would Proposition 101 or 104. The briefly worded Prop 106 would simply put a cap of 25 percent on an attorney's contingency fee for the first $50,000 awarded in a damage claim, 15 percent on the next $50,000 and 10 percent on any portion over $100,000. While no one would argue that lawyers are a financially endangered species, the limits in Prop 106 would be far too severe.

In the first stage of the initiative campaign, the signature gathering, which ended in June, the insurers assumed that without financial help from the lawyers Voter Revolt would fail. At the same time, the lawyers assumed that Voter Revolt's unprecedented direct-mail strategy could not deliver the necessary signatures. As a result, both the A.C.I.C. and the C.T.L.A. trained their guns, and their TV commercials, on each other.

In the second stage, which took place over the summer after signatures for all five propositions had been turned in, both the A.C.I.C. and the C.T.L.A. expected Voter Revolt's Prop 103 to be thrown off the ballot by the courts because its strict insurance rate regulations, as well as its rate rollbacks, violated state constitutional guidelines. (A lawsuit demanding that had been brought by the A.C.I.C., and the trial lawyers watched from the sidelines, confident that it would prevail.) But two former Nader Raiders, Harvey Rosenfield, a California attorney, and Jay Angoff,

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general counsel to the National Insurance Consumers Organization, had anticipated all the constitutional questions when they first drafted the Voter Revolt initiative. The A.C.I.C. suit was dismissed in a lower court and, when appealed to the State Supreme Court, was dismissed there as well.

By early September, insurance reform had been pushed to the top of the political agenda for many California voters, increasing their desire for lower rates. The press covered the issue extensively, which helped educate the electorate and also gave Voter Revolt periodic opportunities to deliver its message without paying for advertising. Nevertheless, many voters became confused about the propositions because of the contradictory advertising by the A.C.I.C. and the C.T.L.A. This confusion is turning many voters away from an attempt to understand the substantive differences among the five propositions, and toward a less demanding criterion for deciding how to vote: namely, sponsorship.

Voter Revolt, of course, is encouraging this trend. Since the lawyers' attack on Propositions 101, 104 and 106 points to their sponsorship by insurers (who are held in extremely low esteem by the voters), and since the insurers' attack on Proposition 100 points to its sponsorship by lawyers (who are held in equally low esteem), the intense advertising by both parties is inadvertently but inescapably helping Voter Revolt. When the voters focus their attention on who is behind each of the propositions, consumer sponsorship and Ralph Nader's endorsement should put 103 over the top.

So far, the signs are good. The California Field poll, released on September 21, had Prop 103 leading the pack with 74 percent saying they would vote for it. Next came the lawyers' Prop 100, with 54 percent yes votes. Each of the three insurer propositions garnered less than 50 percent, a dismal showing given that up to that point the insurers had spent more than $25 million on their campaign. Since Voter Revolt is now in the lead, it is getting even more press coverage than before.

If Prop 103 wins on November 8, millions of consumers in California will finally get relief from excessively high insurance rates. Moreover, a California success may very well be exportable to other states, like New Jersey, currently suffering under the weight of onerous insurance premiums. Indeed, there are sixteen other states in which legislation similar to Prop 103 could be enacted by referendum.

Win or lose, Voter Revolt will emerge from the election with a strong political base. Thanks to its direct-mail effort, the organization now has a list of 140,000 volunteers who helped gather signatures, 40,000 of whom contributed money. Some 45,000 others also contributed financially. In addition, this past summer Voter Revolt sponsored a door-to-door fund-raising canvass. Over 130 people, operating out of six offices around the state, were employed full time in this effort, which gathered donations from some 80,000 individuals. These names are now in the organization's computer as well.

With more than a quarter-million names of identified supporters, Voter Revolt has the potential to be a major force for progressive political change. □

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MANDELA REFERENDUM

Blacks in Boston Seek to Secede

ROGER HOUSE

While Michael Dukakis does his best to downplay issues of race and class in the campaign debate, black communities in the capital city of his home state have proposed to secede and create a new Massachusetts city called Mandela, both as a practical response to the encroachments of speculators and gentrifiers and as a symbolic statement that race and class tensions in Boston are too ingrained ever to allow the comprehensive changes needed to bring about black empowerment and equality. Community residents will consider secession on November 8, when they vote on a nonbinding referendum question.

The movement for Mandela—after imprisoned South African leader Nelson Mandela—is an attempt by people at the grass roots to take control of their own affairs, and a declaration of the failure of integration and the liberal mentality behind it. But the significance of the secession proposal reverberates beyond Boston because the racism and neglect that have given rise to Mandela reflect the black-white tensions of inner cities throughout the country.

Mandela would contain a quarter of Boston's present population: Two-thirds would be black, one-quarter white and the rest Latino and Asian, making it the most ethnically diverse city in Massachusetts. It would also be the only city in the state with a largely black population and political leadership. The new city would cover 12.5 square miles, or about one-quarter the land area of Boston, incorporating the central city neighborhoods of Roxbury, Lower Roxbury, Mattapan, Columbia Point, the Fenway and parts of Dorchester, the South End and Jamaica Plain. Downtown, Mandela would include the *Boston Globe* offices, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Northeastern University, Harvard Medical School and the Bay State Expo Center.

A tour of the wide commercial avenues in the area finds boarded-up apartment buildings, vacant lots littered with debris, check-cashing offices and other markers of urban destitution. But along the shady side streets are the features that appeal to speculators: Victorian houses with large yards and a view of the downtown skyline, small parks, historic cemeteries and landmarks dating back to the Pilgrims.

Ninety percent of Boston's black population lives in this section of the city, but skyrocketing housing and land values threaten to displace many families and convert the central Boston area to an affluent, predominantly white sector. In Roxbury, the hub of Mandela, one-bedroom apartments that were renting for $400 in 1985 are renting for $700 to-

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day; three-bedroom houses that were selling for $60,000 in 1985 are selling easily for $230,000 today. The boom in real estate is linked to Boston's expanding high-tech economy, the "Massachusetts Miracle" to some but a hoax to most black residents, who have been left out of the high-tech job market and are being pushed out of their homes by those benefiting from the tight housing market. This development has led secession advocates to contend that for black residents, "Mandela is the miracle of Massachusetts."

Although gentrification has hit nearly all of Boston's ethnic neighborhoods, the black community is acutely affected because of the city's history of segregation. For the past forty years black residents have been restricted to central Boston neighborhoods through discriminatory rental and sales tactics and the brute force of urban renewal. The low rate of home ownership among black residents further compounds the problem. About 80 percent of the people in Roxbury rent, often from landlords outside the community.

The present housing crisis is only the latest assault against Boston's black community. Residents vividly recall the urban renewal process of the 1960s, which displaced most blacks from the South End in a series of razings initially touted as a means of improving the neighborhood. They remember the white community's vicious opposition to busing in the 1970s, and they lay the increase in crime in their neighborhoods over the years to the city's failure to police drug dealers in public buildings. Blacks say that city officials often encouraged white residents' opposition to school and neighborhood desegregation and argue that the city has tacitly condoned the banks' redlining of black neighborhoods.

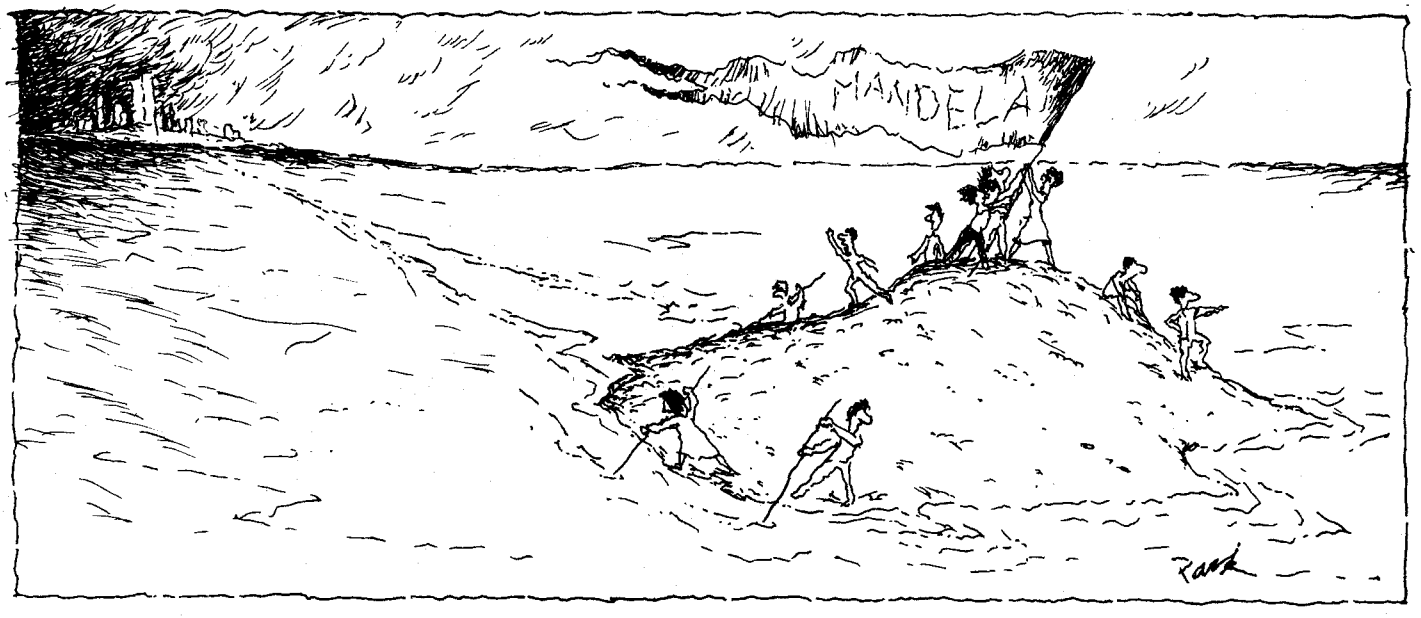
The economic indicators tell another part of the story. In the area that would be Mandela, the unemployment rate is about 20 percent. Some 30.5 percent of the families in Roxbury live below the poverty line, compared with 16.7 percent in the rest of the city. The neighborhood's per capita income level is about $2,300 less than Boston's overall average of $6,555. Some schools in the community have dropout rates of 50 percent, and activists say the mainly white teaching staffs are out of touch with the needs of black students.

This litany of woes highlights a structural condition that the new city of Mandela could not hope to reverse, at least in the short term. But the statistics do present, powerfully, the symbolic argument for secession: Roxbury and the surrounding areas are strongholds of the underclass, and in moving to secede from Boston that underclass is rejecting the legitimacy of white power, business as usual and a gradualist approach to equality.

"Control of land and territory for black people in the 1980s and 1990s is what jobs creation was in the 1960s," says Andrew Jones, a professional musician who lives in Roxbury. "America today has little concern for social justice or economic inclusion. In the 1990s, the black community that is unable to control its territory will not be able to survive. Mandela represents a logical extension of the civil rights movement, with a new approach to the goals of integration. This is not an attempt at militant separatism but the positive creation of the most integrated city in New England under a predominantly black power structure."

Jones, along with Curtis Davis, an architect for the state, founded the Greater Roxbury Incorporation Project (GRIP) two years ago for the purpose of putting the idea of secession to area voters. A first referendum was defeated, 57 percent to 20 percent, but GRIP is trying again, with a more developed plan and the help of another grass-roots group, Project FATE, for Focusing Attitudes Towards Empowerment. Their secession project has won the support of Byron Rushing and Gloria Fox, the black state representatives of the Roxbury area, and of former state representative Mel King, who ran unsuccessfully for mayor in 1983 and who publicly discussed the possibility of secession in the 1960s.

GRIP and Project FATE contend that municipal incorporation will primarily give black residents the power to confront the community's housing crisis. With publicly owned land and buildings available for housing development, they say, the cost of construction and, consequently, the price of housing would be significantly reduced. A tax on new commercial property and on the profits of speculators would generate revenues to be put toward affordable



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housing, allowing realtors and speculators some profit while offsetting the inflationary effect of private development on neighborhood housing values.

Mandela sponsors would also raise land property taxes but cut building taxes. Large landholders would thus pay more whatever the condition of the buildings but, along with small owners, would no longer be financially penalized for making improvements. Furthermore, landlords would receive tax incentives for substantially improving deteriorating buildings and passing on to low-income tenants a modest share of the renovation costs. Proponents of Mandela also propose to institute rent control laws.

Boston Mayor Raymond Flynn and those black leaders opposed to Mandela argue that the best hope for the black community lies in positive change within the system. They point to Flynn's actions on housing development and neighborhood reinvestment; his Fair Housing Commission, which seeks to prohibit redlining; his embrace of affirmative action; and his openness to the views of black leaders.

Mandela supporters generally appreciate Flynn's efforts at a politics of inclusion, but such efforts hardly require gratitude; rightfully they should be part of any mayor's job. What's more, focusing on the support of Boston's chief executive ignores reality in at least two ways. First, municipal power is spread across an unsympathetic City Council, school board and bureaucracy, and across a business and labor community that is outside Flynn's influence. For example, although Flynn has supported a program for the integration of public housing in white areas, one City Councilman is rallying his community to oppose the program, saying that it discriminates against poor whites. The racism that so pits blacks and whites with similar class interests against one another is the second, rock-bottom reality.

Blacks on either side of the issue have been careful in their criticisms, not liking to display disunity to Boston whites. "While Mandela has shed light on the black community's problems and gotten people involved, what the activists are offering are promises," says the Rev. Mickarl Thomas, pastor of the Charles Street A.M.E. Church. "Mayor Flynn is offering concrete changes and access. We don't want to lose that." In this respect, Thomas and other black mainstream leaders agree with a spokesman for Flynn who pointed out that although black activists would like to see radical change, the reality is that political and business empowerment is "a process and not an event."

Planning a city can hardly be described as an "event," though, especially since even if the referendum is approved November 8, it would take years for the measure to pass through the Massachusetts Legislature and years more for the new city to be finally created. What is at issue here is fundamentally a philosophical matter.

"Our mainstream leaders are suffering from a pathology of doubt, and are unable to imagine a city where black people govern themselves," Jones says. He and fellow Mandela advocates argue that those leaders are retarded in their political development because of their position in the white establishment. With the development of a black middle class and skilled work force, they say, it is time for the people to set the pace for their "leaders." Indeed, a recent *Boston Globe* survey shows residents identify the activists as legitimate community leaders in greater numbers than they do the traditional black representatives. Still, the activists cannot dismiss the result of the 1986 referendum or the objections of people like Ronald Homer, president of the black-owned Boston Bank of Commerce, who asserts that then "the man on the street was saying he doesn't want to create a new city."

The low rate of black voter participation and an aggressive misinformation campaign waged by City Hall both contributed to that result. Furthermore, many voters opted to withhold their support until they could learn more about the impact of secession. GRIP notes that 14,000 of the 60,000 who cast ballots left the referendum question blank. To recruit supporters this time, activists have been educating voters, explaining the proposal through the media, door-to-door visits and neighborhood forums. They have also dealt more seriously with practical aspects of the plan, having sought technical assistance from the Lincoln Land Institute in Cambridge on public finance strategies and from the University of Massachusetts in Boston on the black community's prospects for economic growth.

One of GRIP's more intriguing ideas involves the acquisition of municipal buildings; equipment like police cruisers and fire trucks, schoolbooks and chairs; and even money and debt from Boston. Many of these items would come from the "divorce settlement" of Boston's assets, an issue that would surely be decided by the courts were the referendum to win. GRIP reasons that historically the Mandela area has contributed through its labor and its tax dollars to the development of Boston. Therefore, residents of the proposed Mandela, like a partner in a divorce, have equity in Boston's property and a right to ask Boston to divide its assets. City officials decline even to discuss the possibility.

GRIP recognizes the weaknesses in its overall plan, particularly with respect to improving essential services. Advocates have been unable to draw up a budget for the estimated cost of sanitation, police and fire services, saying that Boston will not release the number of man-hours, equipment needs and maintenance costs of providing such services within the borders of the proposed city. Boston says it does not maintain that kind of information. As for running the school system, the Boston School Department depends largely on state and Federal money, and those funds are calculated according to the economic need of students. Barring a drastic and discriminatory change in the criteria for distribution, Mandela would inherit a large part of the subsidy now going to Boston. But Boston officials argue that those funds have been won through hard lobbying and that Mandela proponents should not bet on receiving much of Boston's share.

"Mandela would be a poor city, dependent on state funds," warns Ronald Homer, alluding to the problems of economic development and the possibility of a white political and business backlash if Mandela becomes a reality. The statements of city and state officials about preventing Mandela from inheriting Boston subsidies and the like could be interpreted as veiled threats, and there is the potential for

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white business flight from the proposed city. Advocates admit the possibilities but view the backlash argument largely as a scare tactic. Mandela could successfully challenge in court any discriminatory changes in the way state subsidies are distributed, they say, and the new city's prime location, growth of the area economy and lack of available land nearby insure a relatively stable commercial base. According to GRIP, any backlash would occur during the early phase of municipal incorporation and involve small businesses that could move easily; large companies have too much capital invested in the area to relocate capriciously. And the flight would stop once businesses realized that the new city was not a threat. Mandela would also aggressively recruit businesses—particularly minority companies—to set up shop.

Whatever one thinks of secession and the efficacy of such procedural politics for dealing with structural problems, the concept, especially in a symbolic sense, does pose a serious challenge to the community, the city and even the country. Twenty years after the civil rights movement, America remains a land of deep racial and class tensions. At the very least the debate over Mandela forces blacks and whites in Boston to confront that issue in their city. For blacks, the debate offers a healthy exercise in grass-roots democracy and a chance to assess their current status and future role in society. Whether they ultimately decide to secede, blacks can only benefit from a process that encourages practical thinking about local control, social justice and the means to achieve them. □

OTHER INITIATIVES

Across the country, several other important referendums will appear on ballots on November 8. In New York City, voters will be asked to approve an array of good-government reforms, including caps on campaign donations and spending in all municipal elections. Initiatives in the San Francisco Bay area include an attempt to stop the home-porting of the battleship U.S.S. Missouri and its nuclear weapons, a call for a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and a Berkeley proposal for a sister-city link to the Palestinian refugee camp of Jabalya. Antinuclear activists hope to shut down the Pilgrim and Yankee Rowe power plants in Massachusetts, though the state's ostensibly antinuclear Governor, Michael Dukakis, opposes their effort. Two initiatives mounted by the Republican right are Prop 102 in California, which would allow insurance companies to test applicants for AIDS and reject them if they are HIV-positive, and a slick, well-funded effort in Michigan to end state Medicaid funding for abortion. Though Prop 102 is expected to be defeated, the Michigan measure may succeed. According to the director of the People's Campaign for Choice, a Lansing-based coalition of groups fighting the initiative, such a victory would signal "a whole new look for the right-to-life movement."

SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY

The Bureau Goes To San Juan

OSHA DAVIDSON

San Juan, Puerto Rico

A massive campaign of illegal surveillance and harassment has been carried out for decades against Puerto Ricans (who are U.S. citizens) by a law enforcement agency with close links to both the Federal Bureau of Investigation and anti-Castro terrorists. The campaign, waged by the Intelligence Division (I.D.) of the Puerto Rico Police Department, was originally aimed at members of the Puerto Rican independence movement, known here on the island as *independentistas*; but eventually it grew to include more than 150,000 environmentalists, student leaders, feminists, labor union leaders and antinuclear protesters, as well as professors, lawyers, journalists, writers and artists suspected of harboring "leftist sentiments." It is by far the largest domestic intelligence-gathering operation, legal or illegal, run by a non-Federal agency in the history of the United States.

Although the I.D. was officially disbanded in 1987 and the practice of investigating individuals not suspected of a crime has been ordered stopped by Governor Rafael Hernández Colón, Puerto Rico police continue to use the I.D.'s 16,557 files and 135,188 note cards, which contain information on citizens and groups investigated solely because of their ideology. The fate of the controversial files and note cards will be decided by the Puerto Rico Supreme Court.

The existence of the files came to light on June 15, 1987. William Colón Berríos, a former I.D. policeman serving a jail term for the 1978 execution-style slaying of two *independentistas* on a remote mountaintop called Cerro Maravilla, said in a radio interview that the I.D. maintained files on "subversives and separatists" that list even the Chief of Police. Two weeks later, the socialist newspaper *Claridad* printed a list of 998 individuals and groups that its anonymous source alleged were the subject of I.D. investigations. The list read like a sampling of the island's intellectual and political elite. While the police denied that the *Claridad* roll was authentic, they admitted that the files described by Colón Berríos did in fact exist. Public outcry was fierce and immediate.

The practice of political surveillance on the island goes back to the turn of the century. Soon after the United States seized Puerto Rico in the Spanish-American War, it felt the need to root out those Puerto Ricans who were anything less than enthusiastic about the idea of North American rule. A secret police report dated February 1900 concerning an islandwide inventory of alleged subversive activity gives an

Osha Davidson is a freelance writer living in Mechanicsville, Iowa. *Research for this article was supported by the Fund for Investigative Journalism. Translation assistance was provided by Manuel Jordan and Dianna Velez.*

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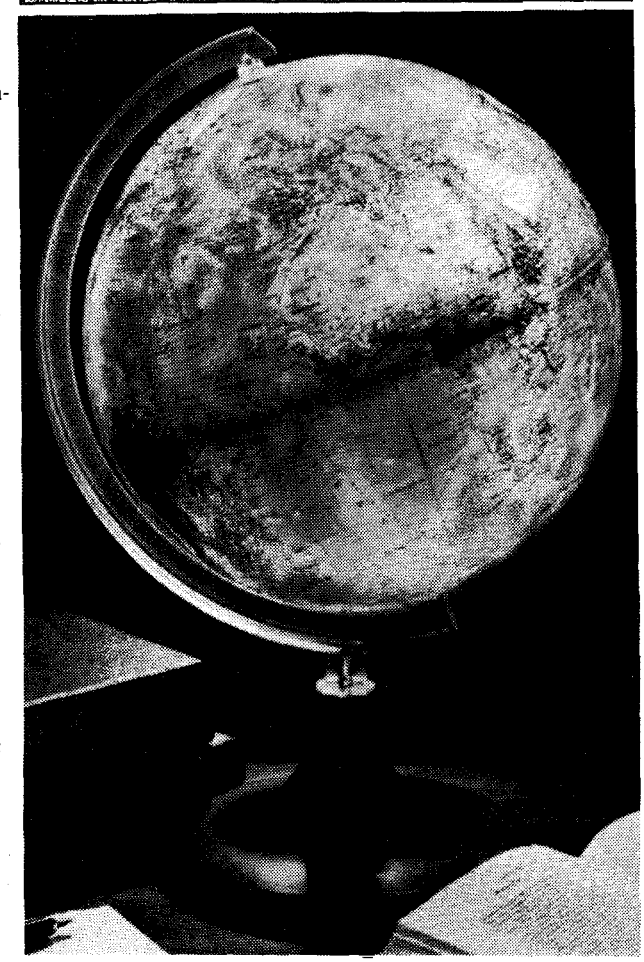

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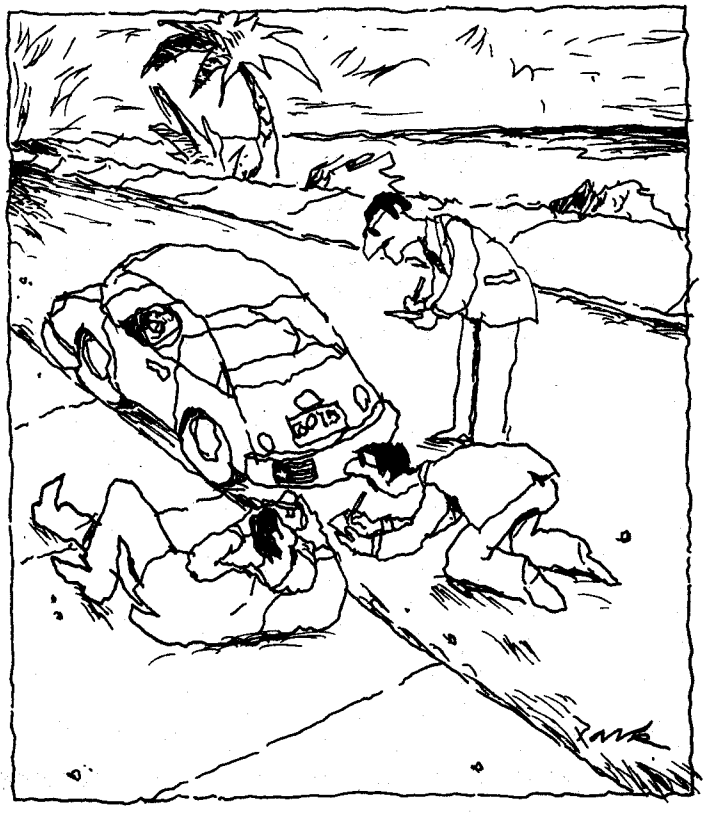
indication of how broadly the authorities here have always defined "subversive." The report notes that "on Washington's birthday, no American flag was raised in Utuado [a town in central Puerto Rico] until eleven o'clock."

While various government agencies (including the F.B.I. and several branches of military intelligence) continued to create files and lists of suspected *independentistas*, the practice emerged in its present form during World War II with the creation of the Bureau of Internal Security (renamed the Intelligence Division in the 1950s), which was set up as an appendage to the F.B.I. within the Puerto Rico Police Department and was also responsible for tracking draft resisters.

For the first half of this century there was in fact a sizable movement in Puerto Rico that supported armed struggle as a means of achieving independence from the United States, primarily members of the Nationalist Party under the radical leader Pedro Albízu Campos. But that violent group was silenced by a brutal campaign waged by the F.B.I. and the I.D. in the late 1950s. Since that time, tiny groups such as the Armed Forces for National Liberation (F.A.L.N.) and the Macheteros (who are now on trial in Connecticut for the 1983 robbery of a Wells Fargo depot), have sought independence through force. The F.B.I. and the insular police, however, have continued to subject all *independentistas*, violent or nonviolent, to the same harsh treatment.

After the well-documented abuses of the F.B.I.'s counterintelligence program Cointelpro, of which the pro-independence Puerto Rican Socialist Party was a major target, Congress attempted to rein in the Bureau in the mid-1970s. It then fell to the I.D. to gather information on *independentistas* and their sympathizers. The division, which was trained by and maintained close ties with the F.B.I., carried out its mandate with a vengeance. I.D. officers boasted that within two weeks of someone's putting a sticker of the Puerto Rican flag (generally associated with the independence movement) on the bumper of his or her car, the division would have opened a file on the individual.



The I.D., headquartered in San Juan, had about a dozen field officers throughout the island and was divided into six divisions: labor, aliens, explosives, job applications (used to investigate prospective police officers), specialists (who worked undercover) and clandestine (which investigated violent subversive groups).

Division agents would attend *independentista* political rallies, labor union picket lines and antinuclear meetings to get the names of as many of those present as possible, often tracking individuals from the license plate numbers of cars parked at "suspicious" events. Each name would then be written on a 3 x 5 note card. After three such listings, the I.D. would open a file on the individual. If the division considered that person a mild threat, it would simply add material to the file whenever something came to its attention. But for thousands of individuals, the I.D. actively sought out information, often with ludicrous attention to detail. Garbage was searched and a list of the contents put into the file. Any car parked in front of the subject's house, any identified visitor to his or her home or office resulted in a new name on another index card. In this way, the list of "subversives and separatists" quickly grew.

Since all efforts by the targets of police surveillance to see their files have been thwarted by the government, it is impossible to say conclusively how the information gathered was used on a case-by-case basis. Yamil Suárez, executive director of the Civil Rights Commission of Puerto Rico, which held hearings about the files a year ago, says that he himself was denied a judicial appointment because of information in his file. Suárez recalled, "They confronted me with a file gathered by the police, containing a picture of me at an antinuclear march. Of course I didn't get the appointment."

Almost every *independentista* has a similar story of a job lost, tenure denied or travel visa withheld for reasons that were never clear. When a telephone conversation is cut off or there are strange noises on the line, it is assumed that the phone is tapped. "Estoy fichado" (I'm listed) has for years been a grim half-joke.

"That's part of the problem with being on the list," says civil rights lawyer Charles Hey Maestre, whose name was included in the one printed by *Claridad*. "You never know how it's used against you. Maybe you lost a job because your boss simply didn't like you; maybe because you're on the list. And you certainly never know about the job offers that didn't materialize. I'm concerned about my children. Does the teacher know that these are the children of a 'listed person'? How does she relate to them because of that? It's so easy to become paranoid."

Only a thin line separates paranoia from reality on this Caribbean island. Despite the Puerto Rican Constitution's explicit prohibition against government wiretapping, during the Macheteros trial it was revealed that the F.B.I., which maintains a field office in San Juan, does indeed record conversations on island phones. It is also a fact that the two

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young *independentistas* executed by the I.D. officers at Cerro Maravilla were included in the subversive and separatist files—just like 150,000 other Puerto Ricans.

What exactly was the F.B.I.'s role in the scandal? Harry Brandon, F.B.I. special agent in charge in San Juan, denied in a telephone interview that the Bureau had any knowledge of the I.D.'s practice of compiling files on individuals solely for political reasons, but that assertion is contradicted by numerous people close to the case.

According to former Watergate prosecutor Sam Dash, who has worked for the past several years as special counsel to the president of the Puerto Rico Senate, "The local F.B.I. worked very closely with the I.D. As a matter of fact, there is evidence that they were constantly using those files. I have no doubt that the F.B.I. was aware of them and had access to them."

That view is confirmed by former superintendent of the Puerto Rico Police Department Astol Calero, who helped organize the Bureau of Internal Security during World War II. "There was a flow of information from the Police Department to the F.B.I. He who denies that the F.B.I. was involved [in the subversive and separatist files] is lying," Calero told me in an interview at his home.

A high-ranking Puerto Rican government official who requested anonymity also confirmed that the F.B.I. had access to the files in question. "We have documents proving that the F.B.I. went into those files. In fact, it was a systematic, frequent function of the F.B.I. in Puerto Rico," he said. So the F.B.I. knew that the I.D. was keeping files on people solely because of their ideology? "That's right," said the official. These charges undercut F.B.I. Director William Sessions's recent claim that the Bureau's controversial CISPES investigation (in which the F.B.I. for years spied on members of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador) was an aberration.

"I cannot emphasize too strongly my firm conviction that there is no place for such mistakes in the work of the F.B.I.," Sessions told the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence in September. But the Bureau had apparently known about and used the illegally maintained Puerto Rican files for decades, suggesting that the CISPES investigation represents a widespread and longstanding pattern of F.B.I. abuse.

There was another regular user of the files: an anti-Castro Cuban exile named Antonio de la Cova, who was convicted of taking part in the attempted bombing of a Miami bookstore in 1976 and who settled in San Juan after he was released from prison in 1982. Answering questions during the October 1987 Civil Rights Commission hearings, de la Cova, a leader of the anti-Castro community in San Juan, denied allegations by Carmelo Meléndez, head of the I.D. at its closure, that he had "free rein" at the department.

In a recent telephone interview, however, de la Cova, who publishes the right-wing magazine *La Crónica*, said such physical access was unnecessary. "Many cops in the I.D. left with their own copies of files—and photographs. And if they feel comfortable with a reporter they'll share the information. You don't have to go up to the division and go into a locked room. There are always other ways to get information. You know that."

During the Civil Rights Commission hearings, it emerged that de la Cova had contributed information to the files, conducting his own twenty-four-hour stakeouts of other members of the Cuban community in Puerto Rico and handing reports over to I.D. agent Enio Serrano, who filed them without noting their source. "It's unbelievable that a convicted terrorist had that kind of access to police files," said Yamil Suárez of the Civil Rights Commission.

There is reason to believe that de la Cova has links, at least indirectly, to the F.B.I. Seeking information on de la Cova, I filed requests for documents under the Freedom of Information Act with the F.B.I.'s San Juan office. The request was denied by the Bureau, citing privacy restrictions. When I first called de la Cova for an interview his response was, "Oh, you're the guy who filed the F.O.I.A. request on me." After initially refusing to comment on how he knew, he later hinted, "I still have sources that worked in [police] intelligence. I'm not going to ask those people where they got their information."

When F.B.I. special agent in charge Harry Brandon was asked if the San Juan office was de la Cova's source, Brandon answered, "No, that's statutory. We're not allowed to do that. I'm mystified. That doesn't happen."

It is now up to the Puerto Rico Supreme Court to determine the fate of the files. In September 1987, a lower court judge ruled that the government must turn over all files and note cards to the victims of the illegal investigations. The government appealed the decision, requesting that the Supreme Court instead approve the appointment of a commission made up of the superintendent of police, the secretary of justice and three former Supreme Court justices to determine what to do with the files.

Many people see this delay in settling the issue as politically motivated. "It's important to resolve the case before the [November] elections," said Independence Party Representative David Noriega (whose name appears on the *Claridad* list). Otherwise, he said, people will not have all the information available on which to base their votes. The ruling Popular Democratic Party of Governor Hernández Colón is strongly favored to win re-election.

The current scandal may escalate once the files are made public—*if* the high court decides to release them. Hundreds, if not thousands, of lawsuits are expected to be filed by citizens who were illegally spied on and harassed for years.

Perhaps the most significant implication of the affair for Puerto Ricans themselves is in how it relates to the island's status vis-à-vis the United States. For years, American presidents, Democrats and Republicans alike, have maintained that Puerto Rico is free to choose the relationship with the United States that it wants, be it statehood, independence or a continuation of the present anomalous status as a "Free Associated State." But the suppression of the independence movement, which is the thread running through this whole shoddy affair, and the F.B.I.'s complicity in that effort suggest that the fate of the world's oldest colony still resides, as it has since 1898, not in San Juan but in Washington. □

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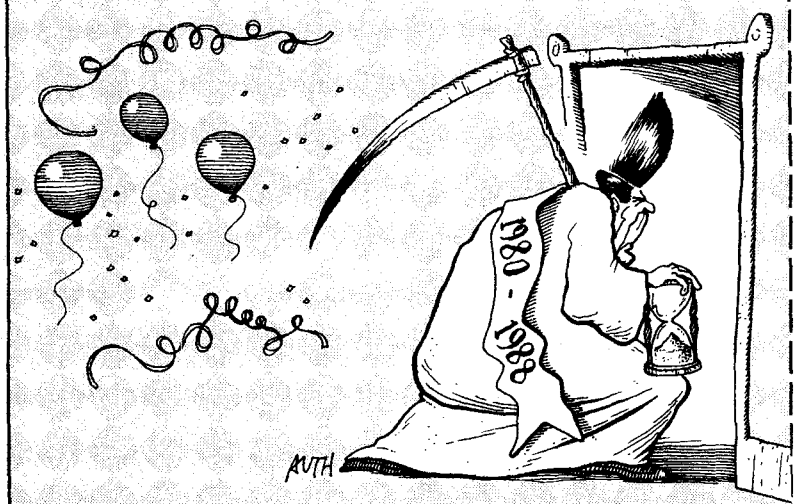

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

'Her Malignancy'

FRANCIS WHEEN

MRS. THATCHER'S REVOLUTION: The Ending of the Socialist Era. *By Peter Jenkins. Harvard University Press. 418 pp. $25.*

THATCHER. *By Kenneth Harris. Little, Brown. 248 pp. $19.95.*

A remarkable headline emerged from the fog of the London *Daily Telegraph*'s front page the other day: "Thatcher Fears for Future of the Planet." The British Prime Minister, who in her nine and a half years in office had not hitherto shown the slightest interest in the subject, had belatedly woken up to the environmental hazards that others have been banging on about for ages. Never one to do things by halves, she had thrown herself into the cause with the zeal of a convert. The destruction of the ozone layer, the greenhouse effect, acid rain—she was suddenly but passionately concerned about them all.

This came as something of a shock. Asked for a comment by the *Telegraph*, a spokesperson for Friends of the Earth could only gasp: "Blimey. I'm amazed. I think of clichés about the road to Damascus, but it's of that scale."

Thatcher's difficulty is one of success, at least in her terms. Most of the promises that brought her to power in May 1979 have been fulfilled. She has crushed the trade unions. She has flattened local government: When the residents of the capital elected a socialist administration to the Greater London Council, she was so annoyed that she simply abolished the council. She has sold much of Britain's public housing.

Indeed, it sometimes feels as if she has sold or given away most of Britain. Large, incompetent state-owned monopolies—British Telecom, British Gas, Britoil—have become large, incompetent privately owned monopolies. The privatization of the Royal Mail and British Rail is a treat being held back until her fourth term. Meanwhile, countless hectares of British countryside have been handed over to the American military. Even as I write, a dozen miles north of Oxford, a formation of F-111s roars overhead.

And there is scarcely a whimper of political opposition. The Labor Party, which was in power for eleven of the years between 1964 and 1979, is now a shriveled and wrinkled thing, puzzling over how to reinvent itself as a party fit for yuppies. The Social Democrats, who broke away from Labor seven years ago and enjoyed great early success, have split into two hilariously warring gangs. (Hilarious because the Social Democrats initially launched themselves as "the Nice Party," a home for those sensitive quiche-eaters who couldn't handle Labor's rough and tumble.)

The veteran British newspaper columnist Peter Jenkins offers a simple explanation for all this in his book *Mrs. Thatcher's Revolution*. "The Socialist Age was coming to an end," he writes, echoing his provocative subtitle. "What was happening in Britain was part of a world-wide phenomenon."

Can he be right? Even if we confine our vision to the developed world, as he does, there are socialist governments in New Zealand and Australia (though the latter's credentials are admittedly dodgy), in much of Western and Southern Europe and in Scandinavia. The Socialist Group is the largest faction in the European Parliament. Not bad for an old-timer.

Jenkins is really saying that *his* socialist era is over. In the 1950s he was one of the many bright young people to fall under the spell of Anthony Crosland, the Labor politician whose book *The Future of Socialism* became the bible of the party's Social Democratic wing. Even now Jenkins does not conceal his infatuation. Crosland, he writes, "embodied the hopes of a generation. Not only in his thought, which was immensely influential, but also in the example of his lifestyle he combined social commitment and private freedom." This slightly enigmatic sentence is in fact a reference to Crosland's guiltless enjoyment of expensive wine and cigars.

Crosland died suddenly in 1977, while he was Foreign Secretary. Jenkins felt that his world was collapsing around him. His spirits revived briefly in the early 1980s, with the foundation of the Social Democratic Party. But the enthusiasm waned, and he drifted away. He came to the conclusion that, whatever one might think of her, Margaret Thatcher represented the future. She was one of the first political leaders "to face squarely the issue of decline," while others were still trying forlornly to revive the corpses of Keynes and Crosland.

His tone throughout the book is thus one of gratitude to her, *faute de mieux*. When he writes that "'Thatcherism' was a way of filling an intellectual and moral vacuum," he is in effect thanking her for saving the country from the Labor Party, with its "repulsive" unilateral nuclear disarmers and its trade union affiliations. Under Thatcher, he believes, something "extraordinary" has happened: The country has "lowered its expectations and consented . . . to be governed."

It is hard to know what that last phrase means. Plenty of Britons do not consent to be governed by Thatcher, particularly in Scotland and the north of England. Most voters reject her, but thanks to the bizarre electoral system she is still returned to office with a hefty majority of seats in Parliament.

What is true is that those who dissent from the Thatcherite hegemony have a hard time. She may advocate economic liberalism but she also favors a strong and repressive state. Public servants who have exposed skulduggery and corruption have been prosecuted and punished while the miscreants were left alone. She has stuffed the board of the BBC with her supporters, who are obediently banishing dissident voices from the airwaves. More recently she has placed Britain in that select band of countries—Israel, Bulgaria, South Africa—that employ death squads to travel abroad and shoot down the state's enemies in cold blood.

Jenkins gives no hint of this. He seems not to have noticed the violence and greed that the Thatcher revolution has brought with it. "No doubt the rich had become richer and the poor, relatively speaking, poorer," he allows, rather sniffily. But even this is beside the point according to his analysis. The success of her government is not to be measured in economic statistics. Rather, we have witnessed a "confrontation of moralities" between those who deplore survival-of-the-fittest individualism and those who regard socialism as "an unmitigated evil, a perversion of human nature." The contest is now over, he says, and Thatcher has won. "A *fin de siècle* spirit was taking over. . . . Socialism had come to reek too much of the past.

Francis Wheen writes for the New Statesman, The Independent *and* Private Eye.

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It would live on as a dying creed, perhaps, the priesthood remaining as the congregation departed." This is wishful thinking by a man whose God has failed.

Margaret Thatcher has her own version of permanent revolution. There is no time for resting on laurels, no "pausing to consolidate." She sleeps for four or five hours a night and never takes a holiday, apparently convinced that socialism will creep out of the wainscoting the moment her back is turned. Just before last year's general election, she was asked whether she might retire in the next four years or so. Certainly not, she replied in that robotic, Stepford Wives voice: She intended to "go on and on." These days she speaks disturbingly often of "the millennium," as though she expects to be in charge for at least another twelve years. And why not? She will be 74 in the year 2000.

To maintain this perpetual motion Thatcher needs fuel, and recently some fretful conservatives have been warning that she might be running on empty. Her "third-term agenda" is dangerously brief, they say. True, she is selling off yet more public utilities, notably the electricity and water boards. But what else is there to inspire the faithful? Hence the sudden enthusiasm for ecology. The choice of issue was not all that important. She could just as well have announced that she was launching a campaign against ugly architecture (except that Prince Charles has already bagged that for himself), or against litter (except that she has already tried that, appointing a hippie tycoon to "clean up Britain" a couple of years ago with disastrous results). What matters is that, once again, she has a populist crusade to lead. The revolution keeps spinning.

It is a pity that Jenkins is so determined to herd the history of the past decade into his theoretical corral, for when he pauses he has some interesting observations to offer—about the differences between Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, for instance. The Moral Majority, he points out, does not exist in Britain. Thatcher seldom mentions God and has no political need to do so; she supported the legalization of abortion in 1967 and has not since bowed to the antiabortion lobby. He also claims that though Thatcher is fond of Reagan, she once said of him privately, "Poor dear, there's nothing between his ears."

By and large, however, Jenkins's desire to present Thatcher as merely one example of a worldwide trend leads him to downplay her distinctiveness. He shows little interest in her personal history and character. This is an unusual failing in a British commentator: Most of us, whether pro or anti, are fascinated by her to the point of obsession. A psychiatrist friend of mine has for years tested the inmates of mental hospitals by, among other things, asking them to name the Prime Minister. Previous leaders scored poorly. Since 1979, however, every one of his patients has known about Thatcher. It may, indeed, have been the thought of her that drove them over the edge in the first place.

Occasionally I feel I am heading that way myself. I can watch her for hours without growing weary. That voice! Those eyes! Those interminable homilies about her father, those Polonius-style truisms, delivered without a twinge of embarrassment! Is she on drugs or what? Philip French, one of the judges for Britain's prestigious Booker Prize, reported recently that of the new novels he had read in the previous couple of months, no fewer than eighteen were "voyages through Thatcher's Britain." He added: "No politician this century, perhaps ever, has so engaged contemporary writers as the Prime Minister and she is everywhere abused: 'Her malignancy in No. 10' (Penelope Farmer's *Glasshouses*), 'Mrs. Finchley is still with us alas, this is Dallas' (Hugo Barnacle's *Promise*), 'Mrs Torture', 'Maggie the Bitch' (Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*), 'a woman who cannot hear the cries of the oppressed for the rattle of the cash till' (Barry Unsworth's *Sugar and Rum*)."

Perhaps a phenomenon so repulsive and yet so alluring can only be dealt with in novels. Nonfiction writers have conspicuously failed to rise to the challenge. I suppose I have read half a dozen biographies of Thatcher over the years, but only one of them (by George Brock and Nicholas Wapshott, written in 1983) has any merit at all. The rest are flimsily researched hagiographies, and Kenneth Harris's *Thatcher* is the worst yet. He has no new information, no fresh insight. There is no evidence of original research or thought. It is difficult to see why he bothered to write it—still less why Little, Brown condescended to publish it.

Harris is an associate editor of *The Observer* in London, best known for his genuflecting articles about members of the royal family. He has transferred his attention to Thatcher without rising from his knees. In the early 1970s, for in-

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stance, she was the most reviled Education Minister of modern times, but Harris doggedly insists that "Mrs Thatcher did not deserve to be an unpopular Minister of Education." In another of her ministerial posts, he assures us, politicians of all parties "found her well-informed, conscientious and helpful."

When she enters Downing Street, Harris is enraptured. Britain desperately needed to rise from the ashes and—guess what?—"the rise from the ashes was provided by Mrs Thatcher." Her economic policy, he suggests, "was designed to alleviate the problems of industry and unemployment." Even Thatcher would hardly claim as much. Her policy was in fact designed to reduce inflation while greatly *increasing* unemployment, which it duly did. But economics, like politics, is not Harris's strong suit.

Nor are facts. He cannot even get right the name of the Centre for Policy Studies, the think tank that Thatcherites founded in the 1970s. He implies that the Sheffield Council no longer exists, which will come as a surprise to the councilors who sit on it.

Harris's most flagrant tampering with the truth is to be found in his account of the Westland affair, the seediest episode of Thatcher's period in Downing Street. It began as an argument about the helicopter industry but soon became a story of deceit in high places. (Peter Jenkins's book, incidentally, gives a thorough and well-informed account of it.) Essentially, Thatcher was party to a conspiracy to undermine a member of her own Cabinet, Michael Heseltine. The dirty tricks against him included the covert leaking of the Solicitor General's private correspondence; Thatcher then set up a bogus "official inquiry" into who had leaked the letter, in spite of knowing the culprit's identity already. (Her office had, in fact, approved the leak in advance.) She stood revealed as a liar and someone capable of ruthless disloyalty. What does Harris have to tell us about this squalid business? "Those closest to what had happened swore that she had behaved most honourably throughout."

Just as many Americans were for years prepared to give Reagan the benefit of the doubt by taking him for a fool rather than a knave, so in Britain even those who dislike Thatcher will often grudgingly admit that "at least she's honest." This idea of her as a sea-green incorruptible could not be more wrong. Lying and dissembling come easily to her; she is vague about the distinction between public and private affairs, between party and government; she enjoys the company of men [*sic*] who have made money in the murkier corners of her much-vaunted "enterprise culture." Though her sleaze factor is not on the scale of Reagan's, it is real enough. As she whirls toward the year 2000, it may even catch up with her.

But I doubt it. She moves too fast. □

The Baltimore Chop

ROBERT McPHILLIPS

BREATHING LESSONS. *By Anne Tyler. Alfred A. Knopf. 327 pp. $18.95.*

In her ten novels, from *If Morning Ever Comes* through *The Accidental Tourist*, Anne Tyler has staked out a comfortable, self-contained fictional landscape recognizably her own. Having grown up in North Carolina and studied with Reynolds Price at Duke University, Tyler initially considered herself a Southern writer. Her first three novels—*Morning* (1964), *The Tin Can Tree* (1965) and *A Slipping-Down Life* (1970)—were set in North Carolina and bear, in their focus on the eccentricities of family life and the strong influence of the past upon the present, a resemblance to the Southern Gothic tradition of William Faulkner, Flannery O'Connor, Eudora Welty and, especially, Carson McCullers.

But Tyler never seemed fully committed to these conventions. If she is concerned with family, history seemingly interests her not at all. She doesn't share Faulkner's obsession with the South's perceived fall from an Edenic state of grace, after the Civil War, perhaps simply because she was born in Minneapolis. Neither is she attracted, like Faulkner and Welty, to the rich allure of Southern dialect or to the potentially garrulous oral tradition so common a staple of Southern narratives. Instead, her style is plain and gently comic. Finally, she avoids the temptation to create the fully grotesque characters we associate with Southern Gothic. Tyler's best characters are, to be sure, socially maladjusted flakes living with their own peculiar set of rules and emotional ticks; but they are, by and large, in their own idiosyncratic ways, approachable and familiar.

And so is Anne Tyler. The most benign of our novelists, she has forged a kind of trust with her readers, who come to her novels expecting to be comforted. And they invariably have been—at least up until now. *Breathing Lessons*, Tyler's eleventh novel, represents a subtle but discernible shift in tone that is likely to surprise her most devoted readers. Having long established a happy marriage with her readers, Tyler now forces them to face the fact that such pacts are founded as much upon compromise as upon romance. This novel's journey presents a vision of marriage as a very rocky road. Even the most faithful of readers may find it a similar trip.

The first real breakthrough in Tyler's fiction came in *The Clock Winder* (1972), the novel in which her tenuous connection to Southern writing is severed. In this book, Tyler dramatizes Elizabeth Abbott's decision to abandon North Carolina for Baltimore, Tyler's own adopted city and the site of her subsequent fiction. Elizabeth bears further comparison to her creator. She marries into a family of eccentrics for whom she functions as handyman and psychic caretaker. Tyler's imaginative marriage to Baltimore has left her similarly in care of a cast of fictional oddballs who manage to find a precarious sense of psychic balance, of family and home, within the city the author has remade in her own image. Tyler's Baltimore, however closely it represents the actual city, with its combination of urban decay and gentrification, remains largely immune to history. Her fiction belongs to the tradition of the American romance pioneered by Hawthorne far more than to that of the realistic or naturalistic novel.

Tyler's central concern with family as a kind of atemporal refuge where, for better or worse, long-lost children, siblings or even parents return for solace, is usually embodied in her novels by a central organizing metaphor. The most successful of these is the restaurant maintained by Ezra Tull in *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant* (1982). It serves as a haven "where people come just like a family to dinner," one to which Ezra's father returns after the death of the wife he abandoned thirty-five years earlier. The fact that the Tulls are never able to finish a meal in this homesick restaurant

Robert McPhillips writes about contemporary literature for Prairie Schooner, Sewanee Review *and other publications.*

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merely serves to underline the complexity of Tyler's vision of family. Tyler's families are invariably not happy, or never precisely so. They nonetheless remain the only dependable unit against which to gauge one's identity. And they usually contain figures, like Elizabeth Abbott and Ezra Tull, who combine quixotic with pragmatic qualities, characters who, like Tyler as a novelist, are able to maintain, as if by magic, a sense of order in a universe prone to fragmentation and isolation.

In her best novels, Tyler convincingly expands the definition of family. *Breathing Lessons* shares many of the elements of these novels, though it is finally less sprawling and buoyantly comic, presenting a sourly diminished vision of the resilience of marriage. The action in this novel is limited to one day in the life of Maggie and Ira Moran, a couple in their late 40s, though it is an eventful one that will see both husband and wife reexamine the nature of their union. It is set in motion by the death of Max Gill, the husband of Maggie's closest friend, Serena. Despite the obvious gravity of this situation, Ira would prefer not to waste a Saturday making the ninety-mile trip north of Baltimore to Deer Lick, Pennsylvania, for the funeral. He considers it an unnecessary side trip, like so many of the activities he associates with his wife, one that will keep him away from his picture-framing shop on its busiest day. Ira, at once cynical and pragmatic, has long given up his dream of becoming an important doctor and accepted the dull routine of the shop and his responsibility not only to his wife and two disappointing children but to his ailing father and incompetent sisters as well. Maggie, who works in a nursing home, is, by contrast, unrealistically optimistic, impulsive, scatterbrained and meddlesome, though supremely well intentioned.

Tyler establishes these traits deftly in the novel's promising opening pages, which comically project the tensions that lie ahead. By the time the Morans hit the road, Maggie has already had an accident with a Pepsi truck—which she blithely drives away from—because she is so absorbed in listening to a discussion of "What Makes an Ideal Marriage?" on a phone-in radio show. Certain that she has heard the voice of her estranged daughter-in-law, Fiona, Maggie at once begins plotting a side trip for their drive home from the funeral. Her intentions: to visit the granddaughter she hasn't seen in years and to attempt to rekindle the "true love" between Fiona and Maggie's son, Jesse, an unsuccessful and unreliable rock musician.

Tyler's strongest card is her ability to orchestrate brilliantly funny set pieces and to create exasperating but sympathetic characters. *Breathing Lessons*, in the first of its three sections, is strong on the former. A number of brief comic scenes—Maggie's accident, a stop at a coffee shop, an argument between husband and wife—build to the novel's strongest scene, Max's funeral and the reception that follows. Love and death are ingeniously juxtaposed when Serena insists that the funeral service re-create her wedding. This proves a mixed success. Ira refuses to sing his half of the duet that initiated their courtship and marriage, "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing," with Maggie. (A hammish old flame of Maggie's fills in for Ira, leaving her momentarily determined to drive back to Baltimore with him instead of her husband.) Similarly, Sugar, one of Serena's more snobbish friends, in the novel's most inspired comic touch, agrees to the scheme only if she can substitute another song for "Born to Be With You." Her choice is the hilariously sappy but apt Doris Day tune "Que Sera Sera."

At the reception afterward, the unexpected revival of Maggie and Ira's erotic life causes a fight with Serena and their dismissal from her house. This leaves a lot of the day left, and a lot of the novel. It also leaves one wondering how Tyler, after building to such an early and successful crescendo, will handle what is essentially a two-hundred-page denouement.

Here the book falters. While the narrative continues to move at a whirlwind pace (Tyler's control of her material as certain as ever), the material itself is less convincing. The novel's second section concerns another side trip instigated by Maggie, which centers around Daniel Otis, an elderly black man whose erratic driving, coupled with Maggie's own interference with her car's horn, causes Ira to swerve off the road. Maggie, determined to avenge this mishap, convinces Ira to pass the driver, whom she then informs that his front wheel is wobbling. Immediately repentant, however, Maggie insists they turn around and tell the driver, who has pulled to the side of the road, that they were mistaken. Nonetheless, the three end up at a garage because he is still convinced the tire is dangerous. Mr. Otis and Maggie exchange

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anecdotes on modern marriage that advance the novel's anatomization of that topic. But this episode underlines a weakness, inherent in Tyler's preference for the conventions of the romance over those of realism. Although Tyler's handling of this set piece is charming, it fails to confront directly to what extent both Maggie's aggression and guilt are racially motivated, while at the same time Mr. Otis eventually becomes merely a likable stereotype of the self-effacing black who defers to the greater wisdom of his white interlocutors.

Tyler has similar problems in a scene at an abortion clinic in the final section of the novel. Only this late in the book does the significance of its title emerge. It is Maggie, we discover, who took Fiona under her wing during her pregnancy, teaching her how to breathe properly during labor. First, though, she had to convince Fiona, at the ineffectual Jesse's urging, not to go through with a scheduled abortion. Maggie chooses to do so in front of a clinic being picketed by an antiabortion group. Here, she assumes the role of nurturer. But once again, confronted with a controversial public issue, Tyler seems unsure of herself. While trying to dissuade Fiona from having the abortion, Maggie also spouts liberal platitudes at the antiabortion forces. Her shallow political rhetoric is unconvincing. The failure of this set piece, coupled with Maggie's ultimate failure to reunite the myopically self-centered couple, make "breathing lessons" a far less resonant controlling metaphor than those in her best novels.

Finally, the characters in *Breathing Lessons* disappoint. Ira takes his disillusionment with life out on his family. Given to playing solitaire, communicating with his wife only unconsciously through the songs he hums to himself, Ira lacks any of the redeeming charm we find in Tyler's most engaging male characters like Jeremy Pauling, the reclusive painter of *Celestial Navigation*, or Macon Leary of *The Accidental Tourist*, who writes travel guides for people like himself who would prefer to stay home. Maggie, who haplessly tries to reorganize people's lives with her exaggerations and white lies—which are usually undermined, at crucial points in the novel, by Ira's compulsion to tell the truth, however painful—is at first sympathetic. But her skirmishes with reality outside the claustrophobic confines of her family life make her resilience seem forced and finally insignificant. Tyler, moving outside of the conventions of the romance, fails in her attempt to invest Maggie with a genuine social conscience. This failure ultimately extends to the novel's more atemporal domestic realm as well. The Morans' two children, Jesse and Daisy—the latter remains largely offstage as she packs to leave home for college the next day—as well as Fiona remain sullen and lifeless. Maggie's unflappable belief in their potential is not, alas, infectious.

Breathing Lessons is far less consoling and emotionally satisfying than any of Anne Tyler's novels since the slight *A Slipping-Down Life*, her weakest. While the reader is dazzled and entertained by the author's skillful manipulation of plot and her ability to continue to conjure up some of the funniest and most incisive scenes in contemporary American fiction, one is ultimately left feeling that Tyler has failed in her attempt to broaden her fictional universe, to combine successfully the conventions of social realism with those of the romance, as Hawthorne himself was able to do in *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables* and, somewhat more tentatively in *The Blithedale Romance*. In the past, Tyler has used her magic to illuminate seemingly drab lives. Here, she forces one to confront directly lives that even willful magic can't fully alleviate. □

Sanctuary Much

TOM MILLER

SANCTUARY: A Story of American Conscience and Law in Collision. *By Ann Crittenden. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 410 pp. $21.95.*

CONVICTIONS OF THE HEART: Jim Corbett and the Sanctuary Movement. *By Miriam Davidson. The University of Arizona Press. 187 pp. $22.50.*

In March 1982, a Presbyterian church in a working class barrio of Tucson, Arizona, publicly announced that its doors were open to refugees fleeing war in Central America. That same day a few other churches around the country did the same, and by the end of the following year at least one church or synagogue in virtually every metropolitan area in the United States had declared itself a sanctuary for refugees whom the Immigration and Naturalization Service refused to consider anything more than illegal "O.T.M.s" (I.N.S. argot for "Other Than Mexicans"). Arizonans were especially sensitive to the situation because the startling trek of the twenty-seven Salvadorans who suffered from dehydration in the desert in mid-1980 took place so close to home. Thirteen of those Salvadorans died, and the tales told by the survivors, both about their reasons for leaving their homeland and their dangerous journey north, aroused international outrage.

A fairly friendly split developed among sanctuary workers around the country: Is our goal simply to help refugees, or is it to influence the foreign policy that makes refugees inevitable? The two approaches overlapped a great deal, but the dispute engendered frustration, and often the two camps were at odds. Attorneys General William French Smith and Edwin Meese 3d managed to unify them. On January 10, 1985 a Federal grand jury in Phoenix indicted sixteen people active in helping to bring foreigners into the country. The investigation that led to the indictments, it quickly became clear, had been developed by I.N.S. informers who had infiltrated churches in order to befriend the open and often guileless sanctuary workers in Arizona and Nogales, Mexico, the border town an hour south of Tucson. Prosecutor Donald Reno Jr. insisted that this was simply an alien smuggling case, nothing more. By the time the sanctuary trial began in October 1985, five defendants had been whittled from the list. The following May Day, eight of the remaining eleven were convicted.

The story of the sanctuary movement contains most of the elements of good drama—civil war, an underground railroad, selfless activists, a bludgeoning Justice Department and a repugnant foreign policy—and as a result the horror that Guatemalans and Salvadorans experienced was almost lost in the daily drama of the trial. From day one sanctuary sympathizers arrived regularly from around the country and abroad to witness the confrontation and give aid and comfort to the defense. The press room at the Federal courthouse in Tucson

Tom Miller's books include The Panama Hat Trail *(William Morrow) and* On the Border *(Harper & Row). He writes about conflict and culture in the American Southwest and Latin America.*

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buzzed with book talk: This writer from New York had a contract; that agent from Los Angeles dropped in. Young freelancers saw the sanctuary stage as an opportunity for their first book; veterans liked its colorful cast of characters. Journalists for major newspapers regularly flew in for situation reports. They wined and dined local writers, probing for a new angle.

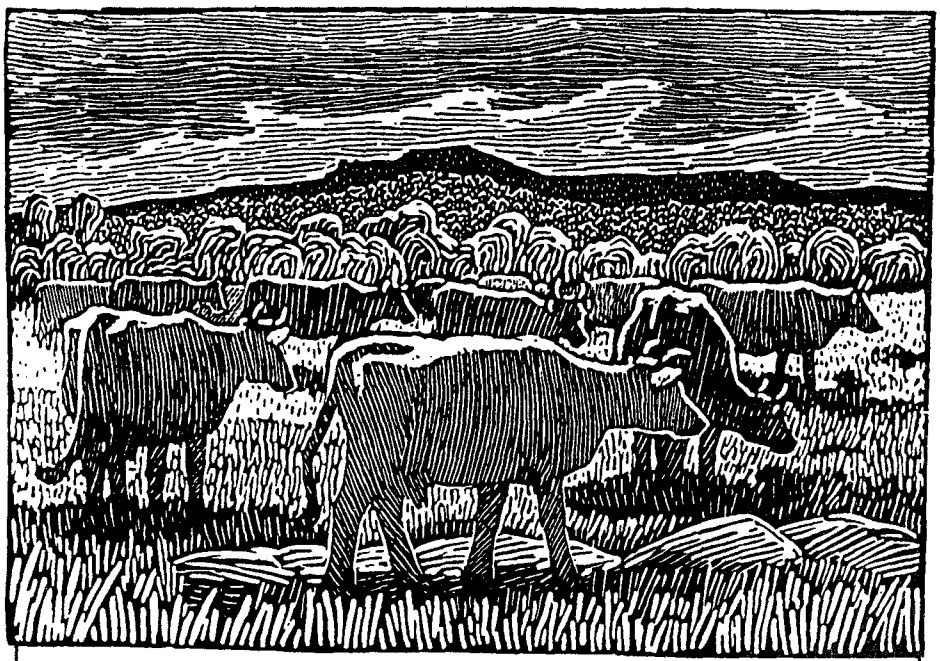
Several books have come out of the sanctuary movement and its legal difficulties. Two recent ones pretty well cover the subject. *Sanctuary*, by Ann Crittenden, gives a careful, chronological account of the forces and personalities that collided at the trial. *Convictions of the Heart*, by Miriam Davidson, looks at the same circumstances but concentrates on Jim Corbett, one of the defendants. Both were preceded by Robert Tomsho's *The American Sanctuary Movement*, which focuses primarily on sanctuary activity in Texas. (The main character in *The Bean Trees*, the recent novel by Barbara Kingsolver, takes part in the sanctuary movement by driving two Guatemalan Indians from Arizona to New Mexico. It may be that fiction is the best literary technique for dealing with the dark cruelties of America's asylum policy.)

Crittenden, formerly a reporter for *Newsweek* and *The New York Times*, begins impartial and dispassionate, as though "objectivity" has a place here. By the end, though, the facts compel her to involve her feelings, and she concludes by quoting the late Supreme Court Justice William Douglas's description of the way in which oppression sneaks up on us. Her account of the inner workings of the Justice Department, where zealots maneuvered the investigation around departmental obstacles and proceeded with the case despite potential violations of political and religious freedoms—and decency itself—is excellent. Undercover operations continued to be approved, she writes, "partly because the Arizona investigators held out the tantalizing possibility that the sanctuary workers, far from being the neon saints depicted by the media, were in fact smuggling drugs and even children across the border."

Mel McDonald, then U.S. Attorney for Arizona, was so enraged when his superiors in Washington kept delaying approval for final action that he threatened to sabotage any future cases if they failed to allow him to go ahead with this one. "We're five yards from the end zone," he complained, "and you can't throw us a block now." McDonald held a vote among the ranking attorneys in the Tucson and Phoenix U.S. Attorneys offices, Crittenden reports. He and Reno alone wanted to prosecute; all the others voted against it. "The only thing I didn't tell you," he said when the tally was complete, "is that I have the most votes. I just wanted to get your feelings. We're going with this case." So much for democracy in the workplace.

Jim Corbett has an exasperating integrity about him which is at once endearing and infuriating. He is, according to Miriam Davidson's book-length account of his philosophy, a remarkable man, and a remarkable pain in the ass, especially to those who sought a movement more disciplined than anarchic. One person who worked closely with him for more than a year calls him a "manipulative passive-aggressive guy with very good intentions." But he gets results—helping refugees into the country, even going deep into Mexico and Central America to aid those with a "well-founded fear" of persecution.

Davidson, who covered the Sanctuary trial for *The Christian Science Monitor*,



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argues that Corbett is in the tradition of the mid-eighteenth-century Quaker John Woolman, who staked out the high moral ground on the slavery issue. Corbett's philosophy is summed up in his "goat-walking papers," a 300-page treatise based on "nomadic pastoralism," in which man lives in harmony with nature. Now in his fifties, he has led a life with enough moral conflict to earn dismissal from job after job, but not enough to weather his convictions or his equanimity. Clearly, this is not a man to take on a foot soldier's role in a political movement. And just as clearly, Jim Corbett is a man whose solo actions on behalf of refugees have helped save lives. When confronted with dissenting views, he responds with broadsides, letters and position papers. "In an unredeemed world," he writes, "we are all refugees in need of congregational sanctuary." Between his indictment and the trial, Corbett began to see similarities between sanctuary and the Old Testament concept of community, and he and his wife began going to shul. "The Corbetts were still Quakers," Davidson writes, "but they now saw themselves as more Jewish than Christian and more 'unbelievers' than either."

Corbett's acquittal on conspiracy and all other charges surprised most observers. Of course he was conspiring to bring foreigners into the country, and he probably still is. As for the eight defendants found guilty—six of conspiracy, two of other charges—their appeal will be argued before a three-judge panel in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco this fall.

Neither presidential campaign has yet touched on the issue of refugees and asylum, although a year ago Kitty Dukakis met with a war-injured Salvadoran child who was in Boston for medical treatment. To get an idea of what has been going on in the movement now that the klieg lights shine elsewhere, I recently visited a fellow who "assists"—that is the proper euphemism for smuggling these days—Central Americans into the United States. The numbers have risen dramatically, he said, indicating that oppression is on the rise in both Guatemala and El Salvador. "Last year the flow approached the highs of the 1980 and '81 level." He and his crew helped between forty and fifty refugees during the first half of this year, he estimates.

Social service agencies report that more than double the number of newly arrived Central Americans now seek help than did last year. Recently, as many as thirty newcomers a night have slept on the floor of the Tucson church that originally announced itself a sanctuary more than six years ago. Within the last ten days, the smuggler said, he had assisted a woman and her two children in entering the country. Her husband lives in Canada, their destination. Both her family and that of her husband have lost members, disappeared or killed by death squads. Within the next ten days, he allowed, his group will be helping another Salvadoran family in the same situation. □

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Boccioni: A Retrospective

The Futurists viewed the present as an aesthetic battlefield from which they sought to drive the past with manifestoes and heroic artistic gestures. A present without a past would already *be* the future; and avid for historical acceleration, they undertook to erect the twentieth century out of the nineteenth century in a provincial Italian city. Since nothing defines a historical moment as sharply as its vision of the future, the Futurists anchored themselves unshakably in the times they believed they were changing. They no more lived in the future than a man listening to Lum and Abner on his Atwater Kent in 1932, wearing an inverted fishbowl to look like Buck Rogers. Their work is exactly as dated as their costumes in a famous photograph which shows them in Paris, wearing *chapeaux melons* and tightly belted overcoats, scowling over fierce mustaches into the box camera for a group portrait. Theirs is what the imaginative German historian Reinhart Koselleck calls a *vergangene Zukunft*—a "past future." They are part of our present only as something that, for an intense moment of artistic bombast, *was*. They earned themselves a place not where they meant to be located, in modern life itself, but in those repositories of past futures, the museums of modern art, as a chapter in the history of false starts.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is dedicating a compendious exhibition (until January 8, 1989) to the work of Umberto Boccioni, who stands second from the right in the photograph mentioned, an elegant, romantic man, a dreamer, really, whose struggle to become the prophet of a Futuristic future was in part a struggle against his own artistic inclination, which was to be a *petit-maître* of late Impressionist styles, and whose paintings characteristically showed women against windows, or were searching portraits of himself in soulful hats. Or perhaps the ferocity of his Futurism, with its exaltation of speed and dynamism, is addressed to his own artistic personality, sentimental, moved by women in muslin dresses in soft interiors—as though the enemy to be defeated were himself. Such a struggle gives the show a human dimension, a poignancy available when a certain kind of artist becomes the militant of a harsh style that conflicts with everything he holds dear, like the ideological abstractionist who cannot stifle the desire to paint warm flesh and flashing eyes. So the first several rooms of the exhibition show the artist as he was before, and as he would have remained had not modernism been felt as an abrupt imperative, demanding that he change himself and the world. They show the inextinguishable underside of an artist who had to destroy his deepest impulses in order to become what he believed himself called to. "It is terrible," he wrote in 1916, "the burden of having to work out for oneself a century of painting."

Boccioni's Futurism was compressed into a period from about 1911 until 1915, when he joined and served with bravery in a volunteer cyclists' battalion, which dissolved in December of that year. There then remained six months of his artistic life, during which he sought to integrate the two sides of his creative personality. There is an outstanding portrait of the composer Busoni, done in 1916, as if by a gifted student of Cézanne who had done graduate work in some Futurist academy, in which he learned to assert the sorts of curves Cézanne would only have approached as the limits of a search. It is an aggressive, even a violent work, in which the artist attacks his natural tenderness rather than merely suppressing it. But he was flung from a horse and

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killed later in that same year, after having to return to military service, reluctantly, at the age of 34. So Boccioni's was a tragic, truncated career whose chief monuments are the Futurist exercises and the theories that enfranchised them.

It is ironic that a Futurist should have met his death by being thrown from a horse, when his vocabulary of speed and dynamism would have recommended a more suitable vehicle, like an automobile or an airplane. There are some cartoons Boccioni executed in 1904 for the Automobile Club of Italy, showing fox hunts interrupted by powerful ornamental cars. These are instructive for a number of reasons, one of them deeply connected with the art of the cartoon itself. Cartoonists, committed to showing coarse and violent episodes, have been exceedingly fertile in inventing visual conventions easily read to mean that motion is taking place. The representation of motion has for the most part been more indirect in Western painting: The artist, driven by narrative need, depicts personages in postures that require the viewer to furnish the explanation that they must be moving. There is Veronese's rather absurd depiction of Perseus hurtling through space past a swooning Andromeda, toward a startled monster. Genius that he was, however, Veronese falls short by a considerable measure of those artists who do Batman or Superman, who shamelessly employ conventions the rules of high art would have prohibited. The cartoonist uses lines of force, clouds of dust, puffs of smoke or distortions in terms of what good academic drawing demands. Thus the front wheel in one of Boccioni's racing cars has the shape of an ellipse, which he also tilts toward the viewer, as if it is about to come off its axle. The wheel is nested in a series of curved lines, indicating rapid change of position, and there are helixes of smoke and dust. Indeed, the car is moving so fast that it has nearly driven out of the picture: Boccioni uses cropping intuitively and effectively, enabling him to leave a considerable space between the back of the car and the startled huntsmen left behind.

Distortion, auxiliary lines, imagined dynamisms become the vocabulary of Futurism itself, obsessed with the depiction of movement. When a cartoonist wants to show Mutt turning his head to ogle a bathing beauty, he will draw Mutt's head several times in sequential positions, together with some circles (never read as halos) and perhaps a few stars and exclamation points—and perhaps he will have steam coming out of Mutt's ears and find a way to show his eyes popping out of his head. And he will also, since it is a pleasure for cartoonists to do such things, draw the bathing beauty herself so that we may empathize with Mutt's excitement. Repetition and superimposed successive images became part of the Futurist's symbolic language—but any panel from nearly any comic strip is a little anthology of Futurist strategy. Balla's *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash*, delightful as it is, is hardly less trivial than Mutt and the Bathing Beauty.

What is surprising is that the obvious iconography of Boccioni's early cartoons—horses making way for sports cars, the traditional pageantry of the fox hunt giving way to the dusty velocities of the internal combustion engine—does not especially penetrate Boccioni's art, though it does his polemical writing. His alleged masterpiece *States of Mind* incorporates the railroad train as motif, but the train had been fixed in nineteenth-century pictures from the time of Turner—the Impressionists adored drawing engines, and there is a railway bridge in Cézanne's views of Mont-Saint-Victoire. The horse is far more, somehow, a paradigm for Boccioni, and one must infer from this fact how little into the twentieth century Europe had entered in Boccioni's time, since horses still played so prominent a role in life and work—and war. There is a painting of a factory done in 1908-09, and though it is a very nineteenth-century-looking building indeed, it must have struck Boccioni as sufficiently anti-picturesque to be an advanced subject for him. The painting is done in a modified Impressionist style, even with the smoke rising from the chimneys, and perhaps the most modern touch is the lettering "Emilio Foltzer. Fabrica di Olio e Grassi Lubricanti" (suggesting that it may have been commissioned as a portrait of the factory, and hence not an "anticipation" of the kind art historians love, of the use of letters in modern art). But there in front of the industrial complex turning out lubricants for machines are horses and wagons. In another factoryscape of 1909, *Morning*, the only vehicles are horse-drawn along the harsh diagonal roadway. In *The City Rises*, a painting of intense ambitiousness, done just at the threshold of his breakthrough into Futurism, immense flambant horses en-

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ergize the foreground while some rather poky buildings rise in the background. The Futuristic, and Futuristically titled, *Elasticity* of 1912 is of horse and rider, translated into whorls and vortexes, galloping past some pylons (or a pylon iterated to imply movement past it). In *Plastic Dynamism: Horses + Houses* (note the arithmetical symbol as a device for futurizing the title), a 1913-14 work of high Futurism, the animal is almost totally dissolved into evidences of its movement. Later in 1914, a war work, *Lancer's Charge*, uses a newspaper clipping to connect it with current history and draws a row of horses charging to the left, raising dust as in the cartoons of 1904.

But beyond this, it is with reference to the horse that Boccioni explains the principles of Futurism. "A horse in swift course does not have four legs," he writes in "Technical Manifesto of Futurist Painting": "It has twenty, and their movements are triangular." Elsewhere he said, "A horse in movement is not a stationary horse that moves but a horse in movement, which is quite another thing." "A horse in movement . . . is a horse in movement" is the kind of inadvertent tautology that slips past a writer's fingers in the heat of argument, but here, I think, Boccioni hit on a truth well in advance of his time. Movement is not a property that exists alongside the other properties—color, shape, texture—that are revealed to the eye. It is not, so to speak, an extra property that can be added or subtracted, leaving all the other properties as they were, the way a change in color leaves shape unaffected and vice versa. So you cannot just study color perception on its own, get that nailed down, and then proceed to study the perception of movement. Rather, the perception of movement affects the way we perceive everything else. Kinetic perception is under intense investigation today, though hardly well understood. Boccioni based his view on what had been learned about retinal images: "Because images persist on the retina, things in movement multiply, change form, follow upon one another like vibrations within the space they traverse." Still, we don't see any of this even if it enters into an explanation of why we see as we do. (Descartes is held to be the first person actually to see a retinal image, specifically in the dissected eye of an ox.) So you are not getting closer to visual truth by painting overlapping images, any more than if you painted your images upside down, since that is how they wind up on the retina. A painting of a succession of images is not itself seen as a succession of images: We don't see the panel in which several stages of Mutt's head are shown as a succession of panels!

Whether this occurred to him or not, Boccioni turned from the nature of perception to that of reality, his view being that everything is in motion, even things seen standing still. This is as true of the Pyramids or the Rock of Gibraltar, as of a charging horse, if it is true at all, so even a still life of inert bottles is to be painted with stream-lines, as if shuddering with force and action. The art of the past, against which Futurism defined itself, treated objects as if they were solid, and even moving things were treated as if stationary in order to be treated at all. Since this may be a requirement for pictorial representation, there may come a time, according to Boccioni, when "the picture as we know it will suffice no longer." The Futurist artist then paints what he concedes is invisible, namely the vibrations in which objects consist, and which fill the space between them and our perceptions: "The only painter who sees well is he who thinks well!"

Boccioni was at some pains to distinguish his movement from that of Cubism, partly because of rather transparent nationalistic motives. As he saw it, the Cubists were merely projecting as simultaneous onto the plane of the canvas the sequence of aspects from which the object was viewed. Whereas the planes of Futurism emanate from the dynamic interior of desolidified objects. It is not surprising that Boccioni was far more successful as a sculptor than a painter, perhaps because paintings have pre-existing shapes, and have to be filled in, whereas the sculpture can be given the shape its internal meaning demands. The paintings indeed are full of bravura, and sometimes have the painful callowness of art school exercises. But Boccioni touched greatness with his beautiful sculpture *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*, especially in its bronze version where, polished and metallic, it echoes fine machinery. It is of a figure striding through space, but in such a way that its movement solidifies around its limbs, as though it were wading through some viscous medium that retained the shape of transit long enough to serve as a mold. It is a brilliant emblem of a new era of speed and power. It would, in a reduced version, make a stunning radiator ornament for the Lamborghini my friend Umberto Eco drives at Futurist velocities along the *autostrade* of his native peninsula.

I wonder what Boccioni would have said about this fascinating scholarly show? Its splendid catalogue prints a kind of memorial written by his peer, the arch-Futurist F.T. Marinetti: "An exhibition of Boccioni's work cannot be, never will be, a place of study or a clinic of philosophical anatomizing. Instead: attacks and counterattacks of new ideas." These would be the new ideas of a *vergangene Zukunft*, an unfulfilled and vanished future. An exhibition of Boccioni is: a place for scholars and philosophers and, in its early phases—before Futurism descended like a Perseus bent on saving the Andromeda of art, who had other thoughts in mind—a gallery full of touching quiet pictures of a peaceful world that came to its end in the war in which Boccioni came to his. □

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FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Hotel Terminus

Do you really want to pack a lunch and see four and a half hours of film about a middle-rank Nazi? How indispensable is Marcel Ophuls's *Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie*? Seeking an answer, you turn to *The Nation*, only to learn that the magazine's editor instigated the project and that the former publisher is a producer of the film. Moreover, this reviewer spent New Year's Eve 1985 watching Part I of *Shoah*. You are about to get advice from a certified fun guy, who is in the pay of the film's backers. And I tell you with all my heart: See *Hotel Terminus*.

If I belabor my own partisanship and the magazine's, it is for reasons intimately connected with the meanings of this film. About one hundred people voice their opinions in the picture, from a farmer in Barbie's native village to the attorneys at his 1987 trial in Lyons. Along the way, one encounters former Resistance leaders, an unrepentant veteran of the S.S., several retired American spies, some journalists and filmmakers, the one-time president of Bolivia and Günter Grass—as big and varied a cast as one could imagine. Few disagree about what Barbie did. Even the slippery Jacques Vergès, who defended Barbie at his trial, acknowledges facts by his avoidance of them. But everyone, depending on his or her situation, puts a different construction on Barbie's actions. You can state with little fear of contradiction that Barbie, as the Gestapo chief of Lyons, tortured people and sent forty-four innocent children to Auschwitz. But if you go one step further and call his actions a crime—indeed, if you try to call attention to Barbie at all—you have taken a position in a bitter, multisided debate. It's not just the Nazis and their apologists who befog judgment in *Hotel Terminus*. It's also the Resistance veterans, replaying the movement's old conflicts; the former collaborators, who insist that they, too, were part of the Resistance; the prosecutor in Lyons, sidestepping some of the most damning evidence against Barbie; the French wire service reporter, who casually accuses Serge and Beate Klarsfeld of getting rich off Nazi-hunting. Each side has its version of Barbie and its use for him; and that, more than the record of his actions, is the theme of *Hotel Terminus*.

Ophuls leaves you in no doubt about his own feelings. He is appalled that we should see every moral and political question as if in a row of funhouse mirrors. But since he has no choice except to live in the funhouse, he also feels free to laugh. While he goes about examining the misrepresentations of Barbie and establishing a faithful image of his own, Ophuls regularly interrupts the investigation with outbursts of mockery and low humor. He cheerfully drops in unannounced on former Gestapo agents to wish them a merry Christmas, intercuts some Mack Sennett footage to illustrate U.S. intelligence-gathering methods and with a broad smile teases the interview subjects he dislikes. With one of his assistant directors, he even performs a high-spirited sketch about prospective interviewees suddenly losing their memories at the mention of Barbie's name.

This is not to say that *Hotel Terminus* is a laugh riot, even though it *is* one of the few films about Nazis since *The Producers* with any truly funny moments. But I do see significance in Ophuls's incidental humor: It is an assertion of strength. Comedy, according to one standard definition, consists in the eruption of vitality through deadening social constraints. In *Hotel Terminus*, society could hardly be any deadlier; and yet truth comes out and a villain receives his punishment. As he leads the audience through the sometimes muddled, sometimes outrageous interpretations of Barbie's career, Ophuls guides as much through his robust self-confidence as by careful analysis and research. And, given the nature of the tale, the audience needs all the confidence it can get.

For this is the story of a man who was useful to many people besides the Nazis, right up to the present. At the end of the war, U.S. military intelligence listed Barbie as its third-most wanted man; and when it found him, it hired him. The cold war already had begun, and the United States was pleased to work with anyone—even Barbie—who claimed to have agents in Moscow. The French, meanwhile, wanted to put Barbie on trial for his role in killing the Resistance leader Jean Moulin. Yet French intelligence, on an anticommunist crusade of its own, seems deliberately to have bungled every attempt to locate Barbie. His trial would have strengthened public sup-

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port for those Resistance leaders who had made common cause with the Communists; and so the French looked for him, though not too hard, while the Americans, sensing that Barbie might eventually prove an embarrassment, severed their relationship with him, though not too strictly. Barbie and his entire family escaped to Peru, aided by a quasi-official underground that operated with agents from the Catholic Church. And once in Peru, Barbie again found high-level protectors. A man experienced in interrogation and torture was useful in South America, too.

Barbie was identified in 1971 (earlier, according to some) yet was too well protected to be brought back to France. He moved to Bolivia, where he dabbled in corporate larceny and gunrunning in addition to his usual political activities. His extradition had to be put off until 1983, when a coup left him momentarily exposed. Even then, jailed and awaiting trial, he continued to serve a purpose. Albert Rosset, a National Front politician in Lyons, blandly remarks that *they*—meaning the Jews—got Kurt Waldheim elected President of Austria, thanks to their hounding of Barbie. So it's the Jews' own fault, Ophuls replies. Rosset shrugs, with the nonchalance of a man whose party has been doing nicely in the polls. Barbie's mere presence in France has been enough to help him, just as it opened an opportunity for Jacques Vergès. At the trial, Vergès did not so much defend Barbie as use the occasion to indict an ill-defined but suspiciously Hebraic-seeming political establishment. Toward the end of *Hotel Terminus*, the writer Alain Finkielkraut observes that Vergès, who is Eurasian, had called on a black man and an Arab to help defend a Nazi. At the war's end, Finkielkraut says, who would have foreseen that three representatives of the "inferior" races would someday join forces with a soldier of the master race? But then, these people, too, have a political agenda, in which Barbie, even aged and infirm, can play a role.

Who is this man, who has served so many people so well? From the farmer in his native village, who still calls him "Sonny," we learn that Barbie was the child of schoolteachers. The father, claims the farmer, was a great teacher, when he was sober. When drunk, he would "grab a ruler and lash out at anyone." The mother, though, was a saint—"all she did was pray." This is all we learn of Barbie's childhood; it is enough. By adolescence, Barbie was pious, scholarly, but not so much of a teacher's pet as to alienate his classmates. He was a leader in his school, able to command respect. And he was the first kid on the block to put on a Nazi uniform.

This was the man who turned the Hôtel Terminus in Lyons into a torture chamber: a man who took pleasure in beating people, but who gave the impression of being a *petit bonhomme*. Barbie maintained an air of bourgeois contentment even in the midst of his torture sessions. Lise Lesèvre, a Resistance fighter, remembers awakening after being beaten unconscious and finding herself in an elegant salon, decorated with a vase holding a single rose, where a pianist was playing Chopin. Barbie, ever the gentleman, offered her a cordial. She does not tell us whether this was before or after Barbie fractured her spine. We do know that the American spymasters who handled him thought Barbie an honest man. When Eugene Kolb, his controller, was told to investigate the war crimes charges against Barbie, he did not set up an interrogation. He invited Barbie to the *Bierstube* for some good bratwurst and an informal chat. Later, in South America, Barbie's associates knew he was being sought by the authorities but did not cooperate with them. Klaus, after all, was a friend, a good fellow, a fun guy.

Once more, we are confronted with the normality of evil; not its banality—Barbie's habits were too bizarre for that—but its cloak of everydayness, lent to it by people who don't want to see anything out of the ordinary. Barbie's daughter, who now works as a librarian in Austria, characterizes him only as a good father. And his Nazism? She doesn't know exactly what National Socialism was, she says. Her response is typical. A good many of Ophuls's interviewees, German and French alike, say that whatever Barbie did, it happened forty years ago. Who can be bothered to think back forty years? And so people celebrate their holidays—the film is full of scenes decorated for Christmas—and remind Ophuls, whenever he gets on their nerves, that he is filming on private property. Some things are inviolable.

No wonder Ophuls laughs. But his laughter is more than the rattle of despair. It is also a note of triumph. The villains of *Hotel Terminus* may be everywhere; but so are its heroes and heroines, from the witty and elegant Resistance leaders Lucie and Raymond Aubrac to the old farmhand Julien Favet, who witnessed the arrest of the children at Izieu and is too stubbornly honest to shut up about it. And, finally, there is the woman to whom *Hotel Terminus* is dedicated, even though she never appears and we do not know her full name.

At the end of the film, the Auschwitz survivor Simone Lagrange shows us the apartment house where she was arrested as a child. When the Gestapo came, she says, all the neighbors hid—all except Mme. Bontout, who tried to pull Simone into the safety of her apartment. *Hotel Terminus*, Ophuls concludes, is dedicated to all the Mme. Bontouts. The best thing I can say about the film is that it leaves you feeling the Mme. Bontouts will eventually win. □

STRAIT OF MAGELLAN

For two nights fevered you haven't
slept dreaming *Strait*
of Magellan. Golfo San Jorge.
Mar del Plata. And why not
set sail!—that dreamy feathery

lilt to the horizon means
this frail ship won't sink
nor will your bones be picked
clean by the shriek-
ing sea birds in your wake

that eat when they eat and
sleep when they
sleep. How efficient, their
beaks, you think, along the coast
where the surf is thunder

and rage, no "world" but
waves heaving ridged
aqua-exquisite as Japanese
woodcut waves but
you are thinking can

you sink in them?—can
you sleep?—the sun
crazed in facets as a great
fly's eye
like a sun fixing you

in its stare?
Boredom is not wanting
to know how much you hate
what you don't
know you hate because it's said

(have not you yourself said)
you love it—buck-
ing the high-ridged waves
of the Strait of
Magellan.

Joyce Carol Oates

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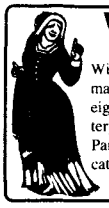

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O	■	I	■	S	■	N	■	B	■	L	■	A	■	L
S	I	G	H	T	■	S	T	A	N	D	P	I	P	E
T	■	H	■	I	■	T	■	N	■	S	■	L	■	E
O	C	T	A	V	I	A	■	A	N	T	E	S	U	P
N	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	N	■	E	■	■	■	I
■	V	I	O	L	E	T	■	A	F	R	I	C	A	N
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A	L	G	E	B	R	A	■	G	A	S	C	O	N	■
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S	H	A	L	L	O	T	■	A	C	A	D	E	M	E
A	■	T	■	L	■	R	■	N	■	M	■	N	■	A
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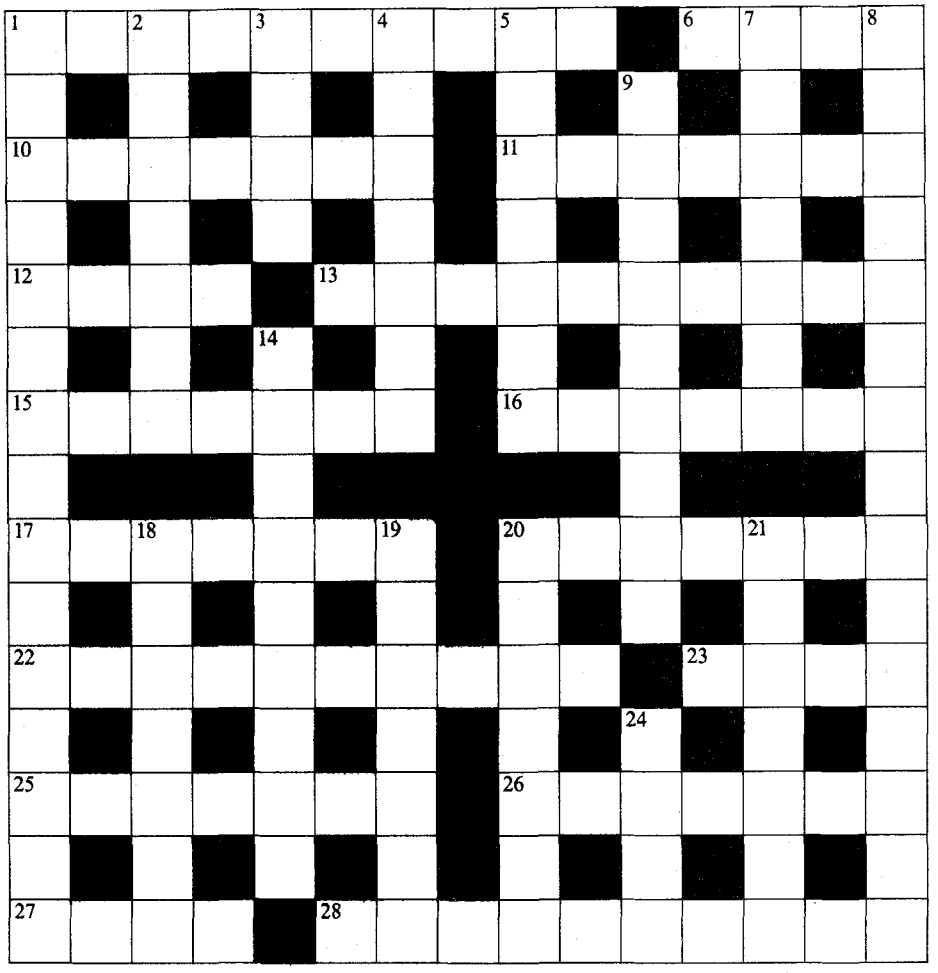

ACROSS

1 and 6 Sometimes found on a modern Christmas tree, one might hope it wouldn't be needed. (10,4)
10 One sort of claims a type of religious following. (7)
11 A big party might call for extreme care while driving. (7)
12 True, this was a pretty good movie! (It might cause a certain amount of abrasiveness, however.) (4)
13 Such as the California coastline—where some landing parties come? (10)
15 Sent a message "Foreign aid comes to nothing when in the red!" (7)
16 The total article brings back which Gauguin did in Indonesia. (7)
17 Spent hours in getting what food should do? (7)
20 It's hard to understand what some people did on the Chesapeake—especially when irritable! (7)
22 Help for the judge who couldn't properly interpret what the witness said? (7,3)
23 There's no progress without one, even though one has a bad reputation. (4)
25 A companion to a musical poet? (Putting Ludwig's "First" in would make it nice!) (7)
26 Never destined for the "in" basket, would it be mail for that distant assignment? (7)
27 Just square with one kind of tide? (4)
28 The guy who had 1 down, with money (as some say) and something to blow on 8 down, in the end. (4,6)

DOWN

1 You're involved if you have one single digit in what might be related to turnover. (1,6,2,3,3)
2 Agreed to be counted? (7)
3 Fortune is sometimes associated with it, as part of a medal shows. (4)
4 Sounded like a layer of food? (7)
5 Do they break out in boils, an unusual congenital absense being responsible for them? (7)
7 What they used to get on the day after washday? (You do to get rid of your problems.) (4,3)
8 Describing a couple of people at the track, much improved. (6,3,6)
9 Found as the more unusual food for some of the French, especially. (9)
14 Friar, not necessarily of the Republic. (9)
18 Not knowing one of the French around the fighting going on? (7)
19 Served in the afternoon on Concorde? (4,3)
20 Wind feature, nothing but all right in the end. (7)
21 Tuba, perhaps, associated with a certain stand, finally. (3,4)
24 This man got sat on up to (and down to) the entire thing! (4)

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19 October 1988

Dear Vice-President Bush and Governor Dukakis,

As we follow the campaign, we are dismayed that neither of you has seriously addressed a key issue of U.S. foreign policy: the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, and especially the unprecedented economic, military and political support which the United States provides to Israel.

Neither of you has had anything to say about the fact that it is this support — most tangibly, $3 billion this year, even more next year, and over $50 billion since 1967 — which makes it possible for Israel to continue its occupation of the West Bank, Gaza Strip, Golan Heights, and Southern Lebanon, and which fuels Israel's brutal attempts to crush the popular uprising which the Palestinians have been carrying on since December of last year.

Neither of you has seen fit to utter a word of criticism about the killings, beatings, arrests, deportations, home demolitions, and collective punishments which Israeli forces perpetrate daily in the occupied territories — the same kinds of actions you hasten to condemn when done in the Soviet Union, South Africa or Chile — even though it is American tax dollars which make all of this possible.

Perhaps you have refrained from speaking out on this vital issue because you fear alienating Jewish voters and contributors. But recent opinion polls show, contrary to statements of the self-proclaimed "leaders", that many if not most American Jews (along with a majority of other Americans) are deeply disturbed by Israel's actions and would welcome a new American policy based on the principles of self-determination, justice and security for both Israelis and Palestinians.

Instead of facing up to this situation, both of you have meekly promised continued adherence to the failed policies of the past; unequivocal support for Israel and complete rejectionism toward the Palestinian people whose right to self-determination you deny and whose leadership — the PLO — you ignore. Both of you pay lip-service to the need for peace in the Middle East, but your silence in the face of unconscionable Israeli actions and your parrot-like avowels of fealty to Israel, come what may, suggest that regardless of who is elected on November 8th, the U.S. will remain a major obstacle to peace in that region. As a result of this indifference, the bloodshed and suffering are likely to continue and the danger of a devastating war, which could even lead to another superpower confrontation, increases.

As Americans and as Jews, we believe that the time has come for the United States to change course and adopt a new policy which would:

***Dissociate** the United States from the Israeli government's policies of occupation, repression and aggression by suspending or reducing aid to Israel until such time as that country ends its suppression of Palestinian human and national rights and agrees to negotiate with the PLO;

***Normalize** U.S. relations with the PLO, recognized throughout the world as the obvious representative of the Palestinian people;

***Encourage**, in concert with the Soviet Union, an international peace conference where all of the involved parties can directly negotiate a comprehensive settlement providing for peace and security for Israel, an independent Palestinian State, and the neighboring Arab States.

We call on you, our Presidential candidates, to show the quality of your leadership now, before we cast our votes, by beginning to discuss openly and honestly these crucial issues which one of you will have to face in just a few months. Now is the time for you to begin to demonstrate your capacity for judgement and your political courage. We think the American electorate is waiting for just such leadership.

Sincerely,

The Executive Committee of JCOME

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JCOME is an independent association of American Jews throughout the country who subscribe to the principles outlined in our collective statement, "Time To Dissociate From Israeli Policies", which can be obtained from JCOME or found on the back cover of *The Nation* (3 Oct.) and *The Progressive* (Dec.) magazines. Whether you are Jewish or not, your support is urgently needed to enable us to raise these important issues in publications and forums throughout the country.

Please send your contributions to:

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